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National Rhymes of the Nursery

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"Ride a cock horse."—*Page* 70.

National Rhymes of the Nursery

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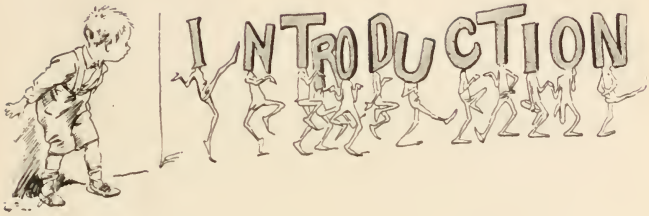

IT is a good many years since Peacock, in one of those curiously ill-tempered and not particularly happy attacks on the Lake poets, with which he chose to diversify his earlier novels, conceived, as an ornament of "Mainchance Villa," a grand allegorical picture, depicting the most famous characters of English Nursery Tales, Rhymes, &c.—Margery Daw, Jack and Jill, the other Jack who built the House, the chief figures of "that sublime strain of immortal genius" called *Dickory Dock*, and the third Jack, Horner, eating a symbolic Christmas pie. At the date of *Melincourt*, in which this occurs, its even then admirable author was apt to shoot his arrows rather at a venture; and it may be hoped, without too much rashness, that he did not mean to speak disrespectfully of the "sublime strain of immortal genius" itself, but only of what he thought Wordsworth's corrupt following of that and similar things.

Nevertheless, if he had lived a little longer, or if (for he lived quite long enough) he had been in the mind for such game, he might have found fresh varieties of it in certain more modern handlings of the same subject. Since the

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Introduction

Brothers Grimm founded modern folklore, it has required considerable courage to approach nursery songs and nursery tales in any but a spirit of the severest "scientism," which I presume to be the proper form for the method of those who call themselves "scientists." We have not only had investigations—some of them by no means unfruitful or uninteresting investigations—into certain things which are, or may be, the originals of these artless compositions in history or in popular manners. We have not only had some of their queer verbal jingles twisted back again into what may have been an articulate and authentic meaning. I do not know that many of them have been made out to be sun-myths; but that yesterday popular, to-day rather discredited, system of exposition is very evidently as applicable to them as to anything else. The older variety of mystical and moral interpretation having gone out of fashion before they had emerged from the contempt of the learned, it has not been much applied to them, though the temptation is great, for, as King Charles observes in "Woodstock," most things in the world remind one of the tales of Mother Goose.

But the most special attentions that nursery rhymes have received have, perhaps, taken the form of the elaborate and ingenious divisions attempted by Halliwell and others. Indeed, something of the kind has been so common that the absence here of anything similar may excite some surprise, and look like disrespect to a scientific age. The omission, however, is designed, and a reason or two may be rendered for it. Halliwell (to take the most generally known instance) has no less than seventeen compartments in which he stows remorselessly these "things that are old and pretty," to apply to them a phrase that Lamb loved. There are, it seems, historical nursery rhymes, literal nursery rhymes; nursery rhymes narrative, proverbial, scholastic, lyrical, riddlesome; rhymes dealing with charms, with

gaffers and gammers, with games, with paradoxes, with lullabies, with jingles, with love and matrimony, with natural (I wish he had called it unnatural) history, with accumulative stories, with localities, with relics. It may be permitted to cry "Mercy on us," when one thinks of the poor little wildings, so full of nature and, if not ignorant of art, of an art so cunningly concealed, being subjected to the trimmings and torturings of the *Ars Topiaria* after this fashion. The division is clearly arbitrary and non-natural; it is often what logicians very properly object to as a "cross"-division; it leads to the inclusion of many things which are not properly nursery rhymes at all; and it necessitates, or at least gives occasion to, a vast amount of idle talk. For instance, take King Arthur, this way, that way, which way you please: as a hero of history, as a great central figure of romance, or even (I grieve to say a learned friend of mine is wont to speak of him so) as a "West-Welsh thief." Are we called upon in the very slightest degree to connect any of these Arthurs with the artist of the bag-pudding? to discuss what was the material that Queen Guinevere preferred for frying, and to select the most probable "noblemen" from the Table Round? Does anybody, except as a rather ponderous joke, care to discuss whether King Cole was really father of Constantine's mother, and had anything to do with Colchester? Though it may be admitted that a "Colchester carpet-bag," that is to say, a very thick steak all but sliced through and stuffed with oysters, would probably not have been unacceptable to the monarch as a preliminary to the bowl.

The simple fact seems to be, that one of Halliwell's partitions—"jingles"—will do for the whole seventeen, and do a great deal better than the other sixteen of them. It may be perfectly true that most of the things indicated in these class-names supplied, in this case and that, basis for the jingle, starting-points, texts, and so forth. But

all genuine nursery rhymes (even in fragments such as "Martin Swart and his men, Sodledum [saddle them], sodledum," if it is genuine, and others where definite history comes in) have never become nursery rhymes until the historical fact has been practically forgotten by those who used them, and nothing but the metrical and musical attraction remains. Some of the alphabet and number rhymes may possibly (it is sad to have to confess it) have been composed with a deliberate purpose of instruction; but it is noticeable that these have never become quite the genuine thing, except in cases such as—

> "Big A, little a, bouncing B,
> The cat's in the cupboard, and she can't see,"

where the subtle tendency to nonsense takes the weak intention of sense on its back as a fox does a chicken and runs right away with it. Again, it would be rash to say that it is impossible to make out popular customs and popular beliefs from these texts. But it is quite certain that they have for the most part left the customs and the beliefs a long way behind them, that these things are, to vary the metaphor, merely in palimpsest relation to the present purport and contents of the rhymes.

Perhaps, therefore, while not grudging folklorists their perquisitions in this delightful region, and while acknowledging that there are many interesting things to be found out by them in it, we may be permitted to look at nursery rhymes from a rather different point of view. And from this point it will not, I think, be fanciful to see in them, to a great extent, the poetical appeal of sound as opposed to that of meaning expressed in its simplest and most unmistakable terms. We shall find in these pieces the two special pillars of all modern poetry, alliteration and rhyme, or at least assonance, which is only rhyme undeveloped. And we shall find something else, which I venture to call

the attraction of the inarticulate. It is not necessary to take the cynical sense of the famous saying, that language was given to man to conceal his thoughts, in order to admit that in moments of more intense and genuine feeling, if not of thought, he does not as a rule use or at least confine himself to articulate speech. If the "little language" of mothers to babies be set down to a supposition that the object addressed does not understand, that will hardly explain the other "little language" of lovers to lovers, which has a tendency to be nearly as inarticulate as a cradle-song, and quite as corruptive of dictionary speech as a nursery rhyme. In the very stammering of rage there may be thought to be something more than a simple inability to choose between words; and in the moaning of sorrow something more than an inability to find suitable expression. All children—and children, as somebody (I forget who he was, but he was a wise man) has said, are usually very clever people till they get spoilt —fall naturally, long after they are quite able to express themselves as it is called rationally, into a sort of pleasant gibberish when they are alone and pleased, or even displeased. And I dare say that a fair number of very considerably grown-up folk, who have not only come to the legal years of discretion but to the poetical age of wisdom, do the like now and then.

"As one walks by oneself,
And talks to oneself,"

by the seaside or on a lonely country road, it must be a not infrequent experience of most people that one frequently falls into pure jingle and nonsense-verse of the nursery kind. In fact, it must have happened to more people than one, or one thousand, by the malice of a sudden corner or the like, to have been caught doing so to their great confusion, and to the comfortable convic-

tion of the other party that he has met with an escaped lunatic.

I should myself, though I may not carry many people with me, go farther than this and say that this "attraction of the inarticulate," this allurement of mere sound and sequence, has a great deal more to do than is generally thought with the charm of the very highest poetry, and that no merely valuable thought presented without this accompaniment can possibly affect us as it does when it summons to its aid such concert of vowels and consonants as—

> "Peace! peace!
> Dost thou not see my baby at my breast
> That sucks the nurse asleep?"

or as—

> "Quærens me sedisti lassus,
> Redemisti crucem passus;
> Tantus labor non sit cassus!"

In the best nursery rhymes, as in the simpler and more genuine ballads which have so close a connection with them, we find this attraction of the inarticulate—this charm of pure sound, this utilising of alliteration and rhyme and assonance, and the cunning juxtaposition now of similar, now of contrary vowels—not in a passionate, but in a frank and simple form. Many of them probably, some of them certainly, had, as has been said, a definite meaning once, and we may attend to the folklorist as he expounds what it was or may have been; but for the most part they have very victoriously got the better of that meaning, have bid it, in their own lingo, "go to Spain," without the slightest meditation or back-thought whether Spain is the proper place for it or not. In that particular *locus classicus* "Spain" rhymes to "rain," and that is not merely the chief and principal, but the absolutely all-sufficient thing.

So, too, there is no doubt a most learned explanation of the jargon (variously given and spelt)—

"Hotum-potum, paradise tantum, perry-merry-dictum, domaree,"

at which a friend of mine used to laugh consumedly, declaring that this cavalier coupling of "paradise *tantum*," "*only* paradise," was the nicest thing he knew. But the people who mellowed it into that form, and recited it afterwards, never cared one scrap for the meaning. They had got it into a pleasant jingle of vowels, a desirable sequence of consonants, and a good swing of cadence, and that was enough. When "Curlylocks" is invited to be "mine" by the promise "thou shalt sew a fine seam," does anybody suppose that this housewifely operation was much more (it may have been a little more) of a bait to the Curlylocks of those days than to the Curlylocks of these? Not at all. "Sew" and "seam" went naturally together, they made a pleasing alliteration, and the latter word rhymed to "cream," of which the Curlylocks of all days has been not unusually fond.

Not, of course, that there is not much wit and much wisdom, much picturesqueness and not a little pathos in our rhymes. All good men have justly admired these qualities in "Sing a Song of Sixpence" and "Ding-dong Bell," in "Margery Daw" and "Who Killed Cock Robin?" I rather suspect the wicked literary man of having more to do than genuine popular sentiment with the delightful progress and ending of "There was a Little Boy and a Little Girl." But the undoubtedly genuine notes are numerous enough and various enough, from that previously mentioned and admirable thrift of good King Arthur, or rather of Queen Guinevere (from whom, according to naughty romancers, we should have less expected it), to the sound common-sense of "Three Children;" from

the decorative convention of "Little Boy Blue" to the arabesque and even grotesque of "Hey-diddle-diddle."

But I shall still contend that the main, the pervading, the characteristic attraction of them lies in their musical accompaniment of purely senseless sound, in their rhythm, rhyme, jingle, refrain, and the like, in the simplicity and freshness of their modulated form. For thus they serve as anthems and doxologies to the goddess whom in this context it is not satirical to call "*Divine* Nonsensia," who still in all lands and times condescends now and then to unbind the burden of meaning from the backs and brains of men, and lets them reioice once more in pure, natural, senseless sound.

George Saintsbury.

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PROPERTY OF THE
CITY OF NEW YORK

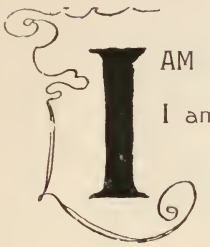
National Rhymes of the Nursery

Old King Cole

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was
he;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

Every fiddler, he had a fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the
fiddlers.
Oh, there's none so rare,
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three!

Lock and Key



I AM a gold lock.

I am a gold key.

I am a silver lock

I am a silver key

I am a brass lock.

I am a brass key.

I am a lead lock.

I am a lead key.

I am a monk lock.

I am a monk key!

The days of the month

Thirty days hath September,

April, June, and November;

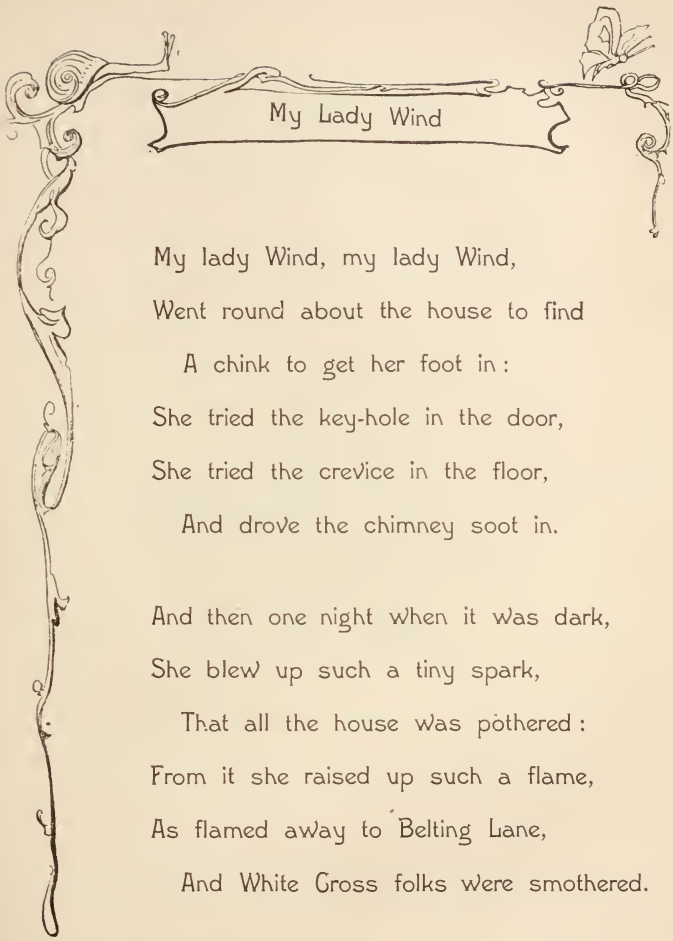
February has twenty-eight alone,

All the rest have thirty-one,

Excepting leap-year, that's the time

When February's days are twenty-nine.

The lion and the unicorn
Were fighting for the crown;
The lion beat the unicorn
All round about the town.
Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them brown;
Some gave them plum-cake,
And sent them out of town.



My Lady Wind

My lady Wind, my lady Wind,
Went round about the house to find
A chink to get her foot in:
She tried the key-hole in the door,
She tried the crevice in the floor,
And drove the chimney soot in.

And then one night when it was dark,
She blew up such a tiny spark,
That all the house was pothered:
From it she raised up such a flame,
As flamed away to Belting Lane,
And White Cross folks were smothered.

And thus when once, my little dears,
A whisper reaches itching ears,

The same will come, you'll find:
Take my advice, restrain the tongue,
Remember what old nurse has sung
Of busy lady Wind!

When good King Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly king;
He stole three pecks of barley-meal,
To make a bag-pudding.

When good King Arthur
ruled this land

A bag-pudding the king did make,
And stuff'd it well with plums:
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried.

There was a monkey

HERE was a monkey climb'd up a tree,
When he fell down, then down fell he.

There was a crow sat on a stone,
When he was gone, then there was none.

There was an old wife did eat an apple,
When she had ate two, she had ate a
couple.

There was a horse going to the mill,
When he went on, he stood not still.

There was a butcher cut his thumb,
When it did bleed, then blood did come.

There was a lackey ran a race,
When he ran fast, he ran apace.

There was a cobbler clowting shoon,
When they were mended, they were done.

There was a chandler making candle,
When he them strip, he did them handle.

There was a navy went into Spain,
When it return'd, it came again.

John Cook had a little grey mare; he,
haw, hum!
Her back stood up, and her bones they
were bare; he, haw, hum!

John Cook was riding up Shuter's bank;
he, haw, hum!
And there his nag did kick and prank;
he, haw, hum!

John Cook

John Cook was riding up Shuter's hill;
he, haw, hum!
His mare fell down, and she made her
will; he, haw, hum!

The bridle and saddle were laid on the
shelf; he, haw, hum!
If you want any more you may sing it
yourself; he, haw, hum!

A diller, a dollar

DILLER, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.

PLEASE TO REMEMBER

Please to remember
The fifth of November,
  Gunpowder treason and plot;
I know no reason
Why gunpowder treason
  Should ever be forgot.

I love my love

LOVE my love with an A, because he's
Agreeable.
I hate him because he's Avaricious.
He took me to the Sign of the Acorn,
And treated me with Apples.
His name's Andrew,
And he lives at Arlington.

(*This can be continued through the alphabet.*)

There was an old woman, as I've heard tell

There was an old woman, as I've heard
tell,
She went to market her eggs for to sell;
She went to market all on a market-day,
And she fell asleep on the king's highway.

There was an old woman,
as I've heard tell

There came by a pedlar whose name
was Stout,
He cut her petticoats all round about;
He cut her petticoats up to the knees,
Which made the old woman to shiver
and freeze.

There was an old woman,
as I've heard tell

When this little woman first did wake,
She began to shiver and she began to shake,
She began to wonder and she began to cry,
"Oh! deary, deary me, this is none of I!

"But if it be I, as I do hope it be,
I've a little dog at home, and he'll know me;
If it be I, he'll wag his little tail,
And if it be not I, he'll loudly bark and wail."

Home went the little woman all in the dark,
Up got the little dog, and he began to bark;
He began to bark, so she began to cry,
"Oh! deary, deary me, this is none of I!"

Little Robin Redbreast

LITTLE Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree,
Up went Pussy cat, and down went he;
Down came Pussy cat, and away Robin ran;
Says little Robin Redbreast, "Catch me if you can."
Little Robin Redbreast jump'd upon a wall,
Pussy cat jump'd after him, and almost got a fall,
Little Robin chirp'd and sang, and what did Pussy say?
Pussy cat said "Mew," and Robin jump'd away.

St. Swithin's Day

St. Swithin's day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain:
St. Swithin's day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain na mair.

Higgledy piggledy

HIGGLEDY piggledy
Here we lie,
Pick'd and pluck'd,
And put in a pie.
My first is snapping, snarling, growling,
My second's industrious, romping, and
prowling.
Higgledy piggledy
Here we lie,
Pick'd and pluck'd,
And put in a pie. (*currant*)

Little Tommy Tittlemouse

Little Tommy Tittlemouse
Lived in a little house;
He caught fishes
In other men's ditches.

Little Tommy Tittle Mouse.

GAY go up and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London
town.

Bull's eyes and targets,
Say the bells of St. Marg'ret's.

Brickbats and tiles,
Say the bells of St. Giles'.

Halfpence and farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.

Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's.

Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells of St. Peter's.

Two sticks and an apple,
Say the bells at Whitechapel.

Old Father Baldpate,
Say the slow bells at Aldgate.

You owe me ten shillings,
Say the bells at St. Helen's.

Pokers and tongs,
Say the bells at St. John's.

Kettles and pans,
Say the bells at St. Ann's.

When will you pay me?
Say the bells at Old Bailey.

When I grow rich,
Say the bells at Shoreditch.

Pray when will that be?

Say the bells of Stepney.

I am sure I don't know,

Says the great bell at Bow.

Here comes a candle to light you to bed,

And here comes a chopper to chop off your head.

Peter Piper

PETER PIPER picked a peck of pickled pepper;
A peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked;
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper,
Where's the peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked?

Three children

THREE children sliding on the ice
Upon a summer's day,
It so fell out, they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

Now had these children been at home,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny
They had not all been drown'd.

You parents all that children have,
And you that have got none,
If you would have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.

Humpty Dumpty.

Humpty Dumpty sate on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Cannot put Humpty Dumpty together again.

ONDON Bridge is broken down,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
London Bridge is broken down,
With a gay lady.

How shall we build it up again?
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
How shall we build it up again?
With a gay lady.

Silver and gold will be stole away,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Silver and gold will be stole away,
With a gay lady.

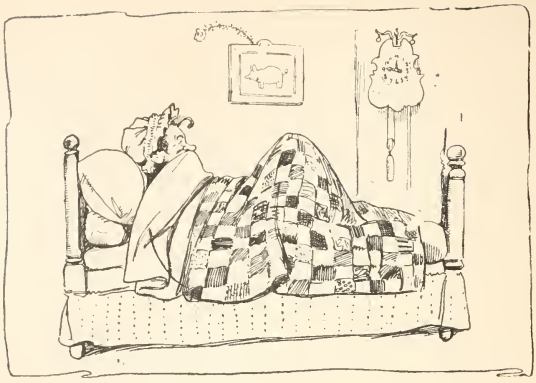
Build it up again with iron and steel,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay lady.

Iron and steel will bend and bow,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with wood and clay,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Build it up with wood and clay,
With a gay lady.

Wood and clay will wash away,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Wood and clay will wash away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Huzza! 'twill last for ages long,
With a gay lady.



ELSIE MARLEY

ELSIE MARLEY is grown so fine,
She won't get up to serve the swine,
But lies in bed till eight or nine,
And surely she does take her time.

And do you ken Elsie Marley, honey?
The wife who sells the barley, honey;
She won't get up to serve her swine,
And do you ken Elsie Marley, honey?

There was a little boy

There was a little boy and a little girl
Lived in an alley;
Says the little boy to the little girl,
"Shall I, oh! shall I?"

Says the little girl to the little boy,
"What shall we do?"
Says the little boy to the little girl,
"I will kiss you."

How many miles

OW many miles is it to Babylon?—
Threescore miles and ten.
Can I get there by candle-light?—
Yes, and back again!
If your heels are nimble and light,
You may get there by candle-light.

Curly locks

URLY locks! curly locks! wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed the swine;
But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream!

Four brothers over the sea

I had four brothers over the sea,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie.
And they each sent a present unto me,
Petrum, Partrum, Paradise, Temporie,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie.

The first sent a chicken, without any bones;
The second sent a cherry, without any stones.
Petrum, &c.

CURLY LOCKS!
CURLY LOCKS!

The third sent a book, which no man could read;
The fourth sent a blanket, without any thread

Petrum, &c

How could there be a chicken without any bones?
How could there be a cherry without any stones?

Petrum, &c.

How could there be a book which no man could read?
How could there be a blanket without a thread?

Petrum, &c.

When the chicken's in the egg-shell, there are no bones;
When the cherry's in the blossom, there are no stones.

Petrum, &c.

Four brothers over the sea

When the book's in ye press no man it
can read;
When the wool is on the sheep's back,
there is no thread.

Petrum, &c.

Two, three, and four legs

Two legs sat upon three legs,
With one leg in his lap;

In comes four legs,
And runs away with one leg.

Up jumps two legs,

Catches up three legs,

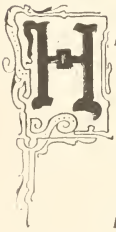
Throws it after four legs,

And makes him bring back one leg

The dove and the wren

THE dove says coo, coo, what shall I do?
I can scarce maintain two.
Pooh, pooh! says the wren, I have got ten,
And keep them all like gentlemen!

A puzzle



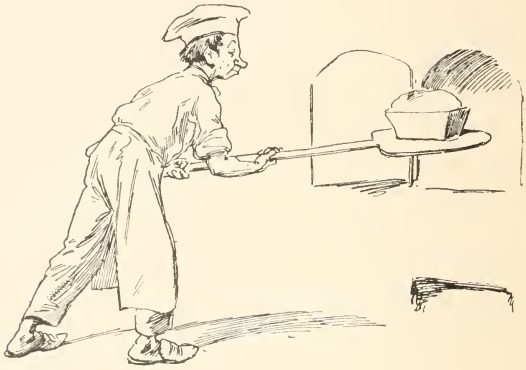
HAVE you seen the old woman of Banbury Cross,
Who rode to the fair on the top of her horse?
And since her return she still tells, up and down,
Of the wonderful lady she saw when in town.
She has a small mirror in each of her eyes,
And her nose is a bellows of minnikin size;

There's a neat little drum fix'd in each of
her ears,
Which beats a tattoo to whatever she hears.
She has in each jaw a fine ivory mill,
And day after day she keeps grinding it still.
Both an organ and flute in her small throat
are placed,
And they are played by a steam engine
worked in her breast.
But the wonder of all, in her mouth it is
said,
She keeps a loud bell that might waken
the dead;
And so frightened the woman, and startled
the horse,
That they galloped full speed back to Ban-
bury Cross.

Long legs, crooked thighs,
Little head and no eyes. (*a pair of tongs*)

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man!

Make me a cake, as fast as you can:



Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,

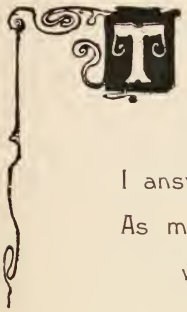
Put it in the oven for Tommy and me.

RABBIT, Rabbit, Rabbit Pie!

Come, my ladies, come and buy;

Else your babies they will cry.

The man in the wilderness



THE man in the wilderness asked me,
How many strawberries grew in the sea?
I answered him, as I thought good,
As many as red herrings grew in the wood.

One old Oxford ox

ONE old Oxford ox opening oysters;
Two tee-totums totally tired of trying to trot to Tedsbury;
Three thick thumping tigers tickling trout;
Four fat friars fanning fainting flies;
Five frippy Frenchmen foolishly fishing for flies;
Six sportsmen shooting snipes;
Seven Severn salmons swallowing shrimps;
Eight Englishmen eagerly examining Europe;
Nine nimble noblemen nibbling nonpareils;

One old Oxford ox

Ten tinkers tinkling upon ten tin tinder-
boxes with ten tenpenny tacks;
Eleven elephants elegantly equipt;
Twelve typographical topographers typically
translating types

I like little pussy

I like little pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her she'll do me no
harm;
So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her
away,
But pussy and I very gently will play.

There was a man of Newington,
And he was wond'rous wise,
He jump'd into a quickset hedge,
And scratch'd out both his eyes:
But when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jump'd into another hedge,
And scratch'd 'em in again.

There was a little Guinea-pig

THERE was a little Guinea-pig,
Who, being little, was not big;
He always walked upon his feet,
And never fasted when he eat.

When from a place he ran away,
He never at that place did stay;
And while he ran, as I am told,
He ne'er stood still for young or old.

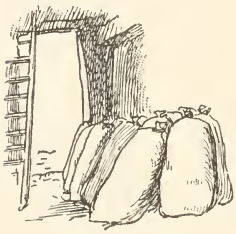
He often squeak'd and sometimes vi'lent,
And when he squeak'd he ne'er was silent;
Though ne'er instructed by a cat,
He knew a mouse was not a rat.

One day, as I am certified,
He took a whim and fairly died;
And, as I'm told by men of sense,
He never has been living since.

LITTLE Miss Muffet,
She sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;

There came a spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

This is the house that Jack built.



This is the malt

That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat,

That ate the malt

That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat,

That killed the rat,

That ate the malt

That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cow with the
crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the
crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the man all tattered and
torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled
horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the priest all shaven
and shorn,
That married the man all
tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled
horn,

That tossed the dog,

That worried the cat,

That killed the rat,

That ate the malt

That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crowed in the morn,

That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,

That married the man all tattered and torn,

That kissed the maiden all forlorn,

That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,

That tossed the dog,

That worried the cat,

That killed the rat,

That ate the malt

That lay in the house that Jack built.

The house that Jack built

This is the farmer sowing his corn,
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

Handy-Spandy

HANDY-SPANDY, Jack-a-dandy,
Loves plum-cake and sugar-candy.
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And pleased, away he went, hop, hop, hop.

Doctor Foster went to Glo'ster,
In a shower of rain;

He stepped in a puddle, up to his middle,
And never went there again.

Little Boy Blue

LITTLE Boy Blue, come blow up your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn;
Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under the hay-cock fast asleep.
Will you wake him? No, not I;
For if I do, he'll be sure to cry.

As I was going to St. Ives

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives,
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits:
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives?

"HE'S UNDER THE HAY-COCK FAST ASLEEP."

Cushy cow bonny

Cushy cow bonny,
Let down thy milk,
And I will give thee a gown of silk;
A gown of silk and a silver tee,
If thou wilt let down thy milk to me.

A carrion crow

A CARRION crow sat on an oak,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
Watching a tailor shape his coat;
Sing heigh ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.

Wife, bring me my old bent bow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
That I may shoot yon carrion crow;
Sing heigh ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.

The tailor he shot and missed his mark,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,

And shot his own sow quite through the
heart;
Sing heigh ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.

Jack Sprat

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;

And so, betwixt them both, [you see]
They licked the platter clean.

The Cuckoo

THE cuckoo's a fine bird,
He sings as he flies;
He brings us good tidings.
He tells us no lies.

He sucks little birds' eggs,
To make his voice clear;
And when he sings "cuckoo!"
The summer is near.

Five toes

1. "Let us go to the wood," says this pig;
2. "What to do there?" says that pig;
3. "To look for mother," says this pig;
4. "What to do with her?" says that pig;
5. "To kiss her, to kiss her," says this pig.

One misty moisty morning
When cloudy was the weather,

There I met an old man
Clothed all in leather;

Clothed all in leather,
With cap under his chin,—
How do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again!

My father he died

Y father he died, but I can't tell you how,
He left me six horses to drive in my plough:
With my wing wang waddle oh,
Jack sing saddle oh,
Blowsey boys buble oh,
Under the broom,

I sold my six horses and I bought me a cow,
I'd fain have made a fortune but did not know how:

With my wing wang waddle oh,
Jack sing saddle oh,
Blowsey boys buble oh,
Under the broom.

I sold my cow, and I bought me a calf;
I'd fain have made a fortune, but lost the best half;
With my wing wang waddle oh,
Jack sing saddle oh,
Blowsey boys buble oh,
Under the broom.

I sold my calf, and I bought me a cat;
A pretty thing she was, in my chimney corner sat:
With my wing wang waddle oh,
Jack sing saddle oh,
Blowsey boys buble oh,
Under the broom.

My father he died

I sold my cat, and bought me a mouse;
He carried fire in his tail, and burnt down
my house:
With my wing wang waddle oh,
Jack sing saddle oh,
Blowsey boys buble oh,
Under the broom.

For every evil under the sun

For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy, or there is none.
If there be one, seek till you find it;
If there be none, never mind it.

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL THE DAY?

"Where have you been all the day,
My boy Tammy?"
"I've been all the day,
Courting of a lady gay:
But oh! she's too young
To be taken from her mammy."

"What work can she do,
My boy Tammy?
Can she bake and can she brew,
My boy Tammy?"

"She can brew and she can bake,
And she can make our wedding cake:
But oh! she's too young
To be taken from her mammy."

"What age may she be?
What age may she be?
My boy Tammy?"

"Twice two, twice seven,
Twice ten, twice eleven:
But oh! she's too young
To be taken from her mammy."

Girls and boys, come out to play

Girls and boys, come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day;
Leave your supper, and leave your sleep,
And come with your playfellows into the street.

Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a good will or not at all.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A halfpenny roll will serve us all.
You find milk, and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in half-an-hour.

A man of words and not of deeds

A MAN of words and not of deeds,
Is like a garden full of weeds;
And when the weeds begin to grow,
It's like a garden full of snow;
And when the snow begins to fall,
It's like a bird upon the wall;
And when the bird away does fly,
It's like an eagle in the sky;
And when the sky begins to roar,
It's like a lion at the door;
And when the door begins to crack,
It's like a stick across your back;
And when your back begins to smart,
It's like a penknife in your heart;
And when your heart begins to bleed,
You're dead, and dead, and dead, indeed.

Come, let's to bed

COME, let's to bed,
Says Sleepy-head;
Tarry a while, says Slow.
Put on the pan,
Says Greedy Nan,
Let's sup before we go.

If I'd as much money as I could spend

IF I'd as much money as I could spend,
I never would cry old chairs to mend;
Old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend;
I never would cry old chairs to mend.
If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry old clothes to sell;
Old clothes to sell, old clothes to sell;
I never would cry old clothes to sell.

LITTLE BO-PEEP has lost her sheep,
And cannot tell where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For still they were all fleeting

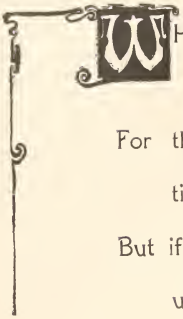
Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left all their tails behind 'em.

A, B, C, tumble down D,
The cat's in the cupboard, and can t see me.

Little Bo-peep.

CROAK!" said the Toad, "I'm hungry, I think,
To-day I've had nothing to eat or to drink;
I'll crawl to a garden and jump through the pales,
And there I'll dine nicely on slugs and on snails."
"Ho, ho!" quoth the Frog, "is that what you mean?
Then I'll hop away to the next meadow stream,
There I will drink, and eat worms and slugs too,
And then I shall have a good dinner like you."

There was an old woman lived under a hill,
And if she's not gone, she lives there still.



WHEN a Twister a twisting, will twist him a twist;
For the twisting of his twist, he three times doth intwist;
But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist.

Untwirling the twine that untwisteth between,
He twirls, with the twister, the two in a twine:
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twisteth the twine he had twined in twain.

When a Twister a twisting

The twain that, in twining, before in the twine,
As twines were intwisted; he now doth untwine:
'Twixt the twain inter-twisting a twine more between,
He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine.

Little Tom Tucker

ITTLE TOM TUCKER
Sings for his supper;
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it
Without e'er a knife?
How will he be married
Without e'er a wife?

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady upon a white horse,
Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
She shall make music wherever she goes.

There were two blackbirds

There were two blackbirds
Sitting on a hill,
The one named Jack,
The other named Jill;
Fly away, Jack!
Fly away, Jill!
Come again, Jack!
Come again, Jill!

HARK, hark,
The dogs do bark,
Beggars are coming to town:
Some in jags,
Some in rags.
And some in velvet gowns.

See, see! what shall I see?
A horse's head where his tail should be.

Over the water, and over the lea

VER the water, and over the lea,
And over the water to Charley.
Charley loves good ale and wine,
And Charley loves good brandy,
And Charley loves a pretty girl,
As sweet as sugar-candy.

Over the water, and over the sea,
And over the water to Charley,
I'll have none of your nasty beef,
Nor I'll have none of your barley;
But I'll have some of your very best
flour;
To make a white cake for my Charley.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run!
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street.

"STOLE A PIG AND AWAY HE RUN."

AFFY-DOWN-DILLY has come up
to town,
In a yellow petticoat, and a
green gown.

A little cock sparrow

A little cock sparrow sat on a green tree,
And he cherruped, he cherruped, so merry
was he;
A little cock sparrow sat on a green tree,
And he cherruped, he cherruped, so merry
was he.

A naughty boy came with his wee bow
and arrow,
Determined to shoot this little cock sparrow,

A little cock sparrow

A naughty boy came with his wee bow
and arrow
Determined to shoot this little cock sparrow.

"This little cock sparrow shall make me
a stew,
And his giblets shall make me a little
pie too."
"Oh, no!" said the sparrow, "I *won't*
make a stew."
So he flapped his wings and away he
flew!

Charley, Charley

HARLEY Charley, stole the barley
Out of the baker's shop;
The baker came out, and gave
him a clout,
And made poor Charley hop.

There was an old woman,
and what do you think?

There was an old woman, and what do you think?

She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink:

Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet;

Yet this little old woman could never keep quiet.

There was an old woman,
and what do you think?

She went to the baker, to buy her some
bread,
And when she came home her old hus-
band was dead;
She went to the clerk to toll the bell,
And when she came back her old hus-
band was well.

Up hill and down dale

Up hill and down dale;
Butter is made in every vale;
And if that Nancy Cook
Is a good girl,
She shall have a spouse,
And make butter anon,
Before her old grandmother
Grows a young man.

A swarm of bees

A SWARM of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly.

A was an archer

A was an archer, and shot at a frog,
B was a butcher, and had a great dog.
C was a captain, all covered with lace,
D was a drunkard, and had a red face.
E was an esquire, with pride on his brow,
F was a farmer, and followed the plough.
G was a gamester, who had but ill luck,
H was a hunter, and hunted a buck.

I was an innkeeper, who loved to bouse,
J was a joiner, and built up a house.
K was King William, once governed this land,
L was a lady, who had a white hand.
M was a miser, and hoarded up gold,
N was a nobleman, gallant and bold.
O was an oyster wench, and went about town,
P was a parson, and wore a black gown.
Q was a queen, who was fond of good flip,
R was a robber, and wanted a whip.
S was a sailor, and spent all he got,
T was a tinker, and mended a pot.
U was an usurer, a miserable elf,
V was a vintner, who drank all himself.
W was a watchman, and guarded the door,
X was expensive, and so became poor.
Y was a youth, that did not love school,
Z was a zany, a poor harmless fool.

Pease-porridge hot

Pease-porridge hot, pease-porridge cold,
Pease-porridge in the pot, nine days old.
Some like it hot, some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot, nine days old.

Merry are the bells

MERRY are the bells, and merry would
they ring,
Merry was myself, and merry could I
sing;
With a merry ding-dong, happy, gay,
and free,
And a merry sing-song, happy let us be!

Waddle goes your gait, and hollow are
your hose,
Noddle goes your pate, and purple is
your nose;

Merry are the bells

Merry is your sing-song, happy, gay,
and free,
With a merry ding-dong, happy let us
be!

Merry have we met, and merry have we
been,
Merry let us part, and merry meet again;
With our merry sing-song, happy, gay,
and free,
And a merry ding-dong, happy let us
be!

Ride Away

Ride away, ride away, Johnny shall ride,
And he shall have pussy-cat tied to one
side;
And he shall have little dog tied to the
other;
And Johnny shall ride to see his grand-
mother.

I'll Tell You a Story

I'll tell you a story
About Jack a Nory,—
And now my story's begun:
I'll tell you another
About Jack his brother,—
And now my story's done.

SOLOMON GRUNDY,
Born on a Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday:
This is the end
Of Solomon Grundy.

Hey! diddle, diddle

Hey! diddle, diddle,
The cat and the
fiddle,

The cow jumped over
the moon;

The little dog laughed
To see such sport,

And the dish ran away
with the spoon.

BAA BAA BLACK SHEEP

Baa, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, little master,
Three bags full

Baa, baa, black sheep

One for my master,
And one for my dame,
And one for the little boy
Who lives in our lane.

There was an old woman tossed up in a basket

THERE Was an old woman tossed
up in a basket
Seventy times as high as the
moon;
Where she was going I couldn't but
ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.

"Old woman, old woman, old woman,"
quoth I,
"Where are you going to up so high?"
"To brush the cobwebs off the sky!"
"Shall I go with thee?" "Aye, by-and-by."

"O WHITHER, O WHITHER, O WHITHER, SO HIGH?"

Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief;
Taffy came to my house and stole a piece of beef:
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not at home;
Taffy came to my house and stole a marrow bone.

I went to Taffy's house,
Taffy was not in;
Taffy came to my house
and stole a silver pin;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,
I took the marrow bone and flung it at his head.

This is the way the ladies ride

HIS is the way the ladies ride;
Tri, tre, tre, tree,
Tri, tre, tre, tree!
This is the way the ladies ride,
Tri, tre, tre, tre, tri-tre-tre-tree!

This is the way the gentlemen ride;
Gallop-a-trot,
Gallop-a-trot!
This is the way the gentlemen ride,
Gallop-a-gallop-a-trot!

This is the way the farmers ride;
Hobbledy-hoy,
Hobbledy-hoy!
This is the way the farmers ride,
Hobbledy hobbledy-hoy!

JACK and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;

Jack fell down, and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

Master I have, and I am his man

MASTER I have, and I am his man,
Gallop a dreary dun;
Master I have, and I am his man,
And I'll get a wife as fast as I can;
With a heighty gaily gamberally,
Higgledy piggledy, niggledy, niggledy,
Gallop a dreary dun.

Little Bob Snooks

Little Bob Snooks was fond of his books,
And loved by his usher and master:
But naughty Jack Spry, he got a black eye,
And carries his nose in a plaster.

There was a man, and
he had naught

There was a man, and he had naught,
And robbers came to rob him;
He crept up to the chimney pot,
And then they thought they had him.

But he got down on t'other side,
And then they could not find him;
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never looked behind him.

Where are you going

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.
"What is your father, my pretty maid?"
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said.
"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.
"Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid!"
"Nobody asked you, sir!" she said.

Hush-a-bye

Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;
When the bough bends, the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby, bough, cradle, and all.

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO MY PRETTY MAID?"

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Poor old Robinson Crusoe

POOR old Robinson Grusoe!
Poor old Robinson Grusoe!
They made him a coat
Of an old nanny goat,
I wonder how they could do so!
With a ring a ting tang,
And a ring a ting tang,
Poor old Robinson Grusoe!

Queen Anne, Queen Anne

Queen Anne, Queen Anne, you sit in the sun,
As fair as a lily, as white as a wand
I send you three letters, and pray read one,
You must read one, if you can't read all,
So pray, Miss or Master, throw up the ball.

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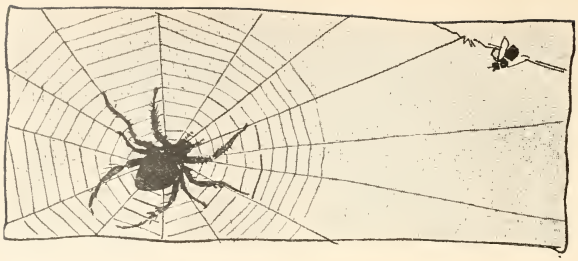


The Spider and the Fly

"Will you walk into my parlour?" said
the spider to the fly,—
"'Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever
you did spy.
The way into my parlour is up a winding
stair;
And I have many curious things to show
you when you're there."
"Oh no, no," said the little fly; "to
ask me is in vain;
For who goes up your winding stair can
ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear,
with soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?" said
the spider to the fly.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around;
the sheets are fine and thin;
And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly
tuck you in!"
"Oh no, no," said the little fly; "for
I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again, who sleep
upon your bed!"

Said the cunning spider to the fly—
"Dear friend, what can I do
To prove the warm affection I've always
felt for you?

I have within my pantry good store of
all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome—will you
please to take a slice?"
"Oh no, no," said the little fly, "kind
sir, that cannot be;
I've heard what's in your pantry, and I
do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature," said the spider, "you're
witty and you're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings,
how brilliant are your eyes!
I have a little looking-glass upon my
parlour shelf,
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you
shall behold yourself."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for
what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good-morning now, I'll
call another day."

The spider turned him round about, and
went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly would
soon come back again;
So he wove a subtle web in a little
corner sly,
And set his table ready, to dine upon
the fly.
Then he came out to his door again,
and merrily did sing,—
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the
pearl and silver wing;
Your robes are green and purple—there's
a crest upon your head!
Your eyes are like the diamond bright,
but mine are dull as lead!"

Alas! alas! how very soon this silly
little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came
slowly flitting by.
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then
near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, her
green and purple hue—
Thinking only of her crested head—poor
foolish thing! At last,
Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely
held her fast!
He dragged her up his winding stair,
into his dismal den,
Within his little parlour—but she ne'er
came out again!

And now, dear little children, who may
this story read,
To idle, silly flattering words, I pray
you, ne'er give heed;

The Spider and the Fly

Unto an evil counselior close heart, and
ear, and eye.
And take a lesson from this tale of the
Spider and the Fly.

Rain, rain, go away

RAIN, rain, go
away,
Come again
another day;
Little Susy wants to
play.

As the days

As the days grow
longer
The storms grow
stronger.

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray

BESSY BELL and Mary Gray,
They were two bonny lasses:
They built their house upon the lea,
And covered it with rashes.

Bessy kept the garden gate,
And Mary kept the pantry:
Bessy always had to wait,
While Mary lived in plenty.

Jack Sprat's pig

Jack Sprat's pig,
He was not very little,
Nor yet very big;
He was not very lean,
He was not very fat;
He'll do well for a grunt,
Says little Jack Sprat.

Needles and pins, needles and pins,

When a man marries his trouble begins.

The Song of Five Toes

1. This little pig went to market;
2. This little pig stayed at home,
3. This little pig had roast beef;
4. This little pig had none;
5. This little pig said, wee, wee, wee!
   I can't find my way home.

Apple-Pie Alphabet

A was an apple-pie;
B bit it;
C cut it;
D dealt it;
E eat it;
F fought for it;
G got it;
H had it;
J joined it;
K kept it;
L longed for it;
M mourned for it;
N nodded at it;
O opened it;
P peeped in it;
Q quartered it;
R ran for it;
S stole it;
T took it;
V viewed it;
W wanted it;
X, Y, and Z all wished a piece of it.

BAT, bat,
Come under my hat,
And I'll give you a slice of bacon;

And when I bake,
I'll give you a cake,
If I am not mistaken.

LD Mother Goose, when
She wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.

Mother Goose had a house,
'Twas built in a wood,
Where an owl at the door
For sentinel stood.

She had a son Jack,
A plain-looking lad,
He is not very good,
Nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market,
A live goose he bought,
"Here, mother," says he,
"It will not go for nought.

Jack's goose and her gander,
Grew very fond;
They'd both eat together,
Or swim in one pond.

Jack found one morning,
As I have been told,
His goose had laid him
An egg of pure gold.

Jack ran to his mother,
The news for to tell,
She called him a good boy,
And said it was well.

Jack sold his gold egg
To a rogue of a Jew,
Who cheated him out of
The half of his due.

Then Jack went a courting,
A lady so gay,
As fair as the lily,
And sweet as the May.

The Jew and the Squire
Came behind his back,
And began to belabour
The sides of poor Jack.

Then old Mother Goose,
That instant came in,
And turned her son Jack
Into famed Harlequin.

She then with her wand,
Touched the lady so fine,
And turned her at once
Into sweet Columbine

The gold egg into the sea
Was thrown then,—
When Jack jumped in,
And got the egg back again.

The Jew got the goose,
Which he vowed he would kill,
Resolving at once
His pockets to fill.

Jack's mother came in,
And caught the goose soon,
And mounting its back,
Flew up to the moon.

Apple-pie, pudding, and pancake,
All begins with A.

Early to bed

Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

When little Fred

WHEN little Fred
Was called to bed,
He always acted right;
He kissed Mamma,
And then Papa,
And wished them all good-night.

He made no noise,
Like naughty boys
But gently upstairs
Directly went,
When he was sent,
And always said his prayers.

SING a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish,
To set before the king?

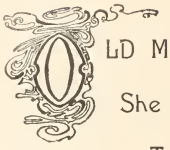
The king was in his counting-house

Counting out his money;

The queen was in the parlour

Eating bread and honey;

The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes,
Down came a blackbird,
And snapped off her nose.



LD Mother Hubbard,
She went to the cupboard,
To give her poor dog a bone,
But when she came there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread,
And when she came back
The poor dog was dead

She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin,
And when she came back
The poor dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe,
And when she came back
He was smoking his pipe.

She went to the ale-house
To get him some beer,
And when she came back
The dog sat in a chair.

She went to the tavern
For white wine and red,
And when she came back
The dog stood on his head

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat,
And when she came back
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig,
And when she came back
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit,
And when she came back
He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat,
And when she came back
He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes,
And when she came back
He was reading the news.

Old Mother Hubbard

She went to the sempstress
To buy him some linen,
And when she came back
The dog was spinning.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose,
And when she came back
He was dressed in his clothes.

The dame made a curtsey,
The dog made a bow;
The dame said, "Your servant,"
The dog said, "Bow, wow!"

See-saw, sacaradown

See-saw, sacaradown,
Which is the way to London town?
One foot up, the other down,
This is the way to London town.

TO market, to market, to buy a plum bun,
Home again, home again, market is done.

HECTOR PROTECTOR

Hector Protector was dressed all in green;
Hector Protector was sent to the Queen.

The Queen did not like him,

No more did the King:

So Hector Protector was sent back again.

Is John Smith within?

IS John Smith within?

Yes, that he is.

Can he set a shoe?

Ay, marry, two.

Here a nail, there a nail,

Now your horse is shoed

Johnny shall have a new bonnet

JOHNNY shall have a new bonnet,
And Johnny shall go to the fair,
And Johnny shall have a blue ribbon
To tie up his bonny brown hair.

And why may not I love Johnny?
And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may not I love Johnny
As well as another body?
And here's a leg for a stocking,
And here is a leg for a shoe,
And he has a kiss for his daddy,
And two for his mammy, I trow.
And why may not I love Johnny?
And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may not I love Johnny,
As well as another body?

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And it was full of pretty things
For baby and for me

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were all of velvet,
And the masts of beaten gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

I saw a ship a-sailing

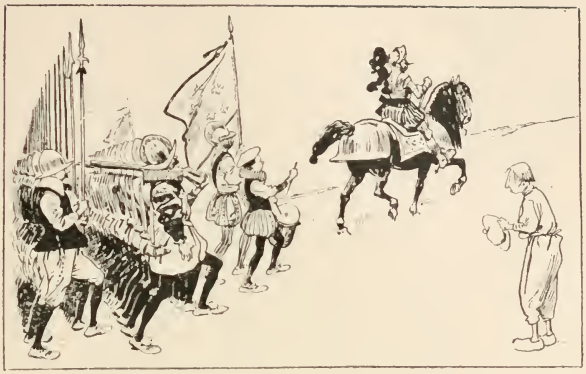
The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack! quack!"

Nose, nose

Nose, nose, jolly red nose;
And what gave thee that jolly red nose?
Nutmegs and cinnamon, spices and cloves,
And they gave me this jolly red nose.

The King of France

THE King of France went up the hill,
With twenty thousand men;
The King of France came down the hill,
And ne'er went up again.



"Went up the hill."

"Came down again!"

A GENTLEMAN of good account
In Norfolk dwelt of late,
Whose wealth and riches did surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help his life could save;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both were near the grave.

No love between these two was lost:
Each to the other kind;
In love they lived, in love they died,
And left two babes behind.

Now, if the children chanced to die,
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth!
For so the will did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
"Look to my children dear;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else have they here."

Their parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them both unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.

He had not kept those pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
When, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both away.

He bargained with two ruffians bold,
Who were of savage mood,
That they should take the children twain,
And slay them in a wood.

They prate and prattle pleasantly,
While riding on the way,
To those their wicked uncle hired,
These lovely babes to slay:

So that the pretty speech they had,
Made the ruffians' heart relent;
And they that took the deed to do,
Full sorely did repent.

Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,
So here they fell at strife;
With one another they did fight,
About the children's life:

"WENT WANDERING UP AND DOWN."

And he that was of milder mood
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
The babes did quake for fear!

He took the children by the hand,
While they for bread complain:
"Stay here," quoth he, "I'll bring ye bread,
When I do come again."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down;
But never more they saw the man
Approaching from the town.

Thus wandered these two pretty dears,
Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died,
Poor babes! past all relief.

No burial these innocents
Of any man receives,
But Robin Redbreast lovingly
Did cover them with leaves.

The fellow that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judged to die,
As was God's blessed will:

And did confess the very truth,
The which is here expressed;
Their uncle died while he for debt
Did long in prison rest.

Little Jack Horner

LITTLE Jack Horner
Sat in the corner
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

Bow, wow, says the dog;
Mew, mew, says the cat;
Grunt, grunt, goes the hog;
And squeak goes the rat.

Chirp, chirp, says the sparrow;
Caw, caw, says the crow;
Quack, quack, says the duck;
And what cuckoos say, you know.

So, with sparrows and cuckoos,
With rats and with dogs;
With ducks and with crows;
With cats and with hogs;

A fine song I have made,
To please you, my dear;
And if it's well sung,
'Twill be charming to hear.

Tell-Tale-Tit

TELL-TALE-TIT,
Your tongue shall be slit,
And all the little puppy dogs
Shall have a little bit.

The Queen of Hearts

The Queen of Hearts,
She made some tarts,
All on a summer's day;
The Knave of Hearts,
He stole those tarts,
And took them clean away.

"SHE MADE SOME TARTS."

The King of Hearts
Called for the tarts,
And beat the Knave full
sore;

The Knave of Hearts
Brought back the tarts,
And vowed he'd steal no
more.

IN Egypt was a dragon dire
With scales of steel, and breath of fire:
And Egypt's Princess fair and good
Was doomed to be the monster's food:
St. George this fearful dragon slew,
And for his wife gained Sebra true.

St. Andrew, Scotland's famous knight
In deeds of valour took delight;
Maidens in grief and matrons grave
From insult he was wont to save.
For noble deeds he was renowned:
His fame did through the world resound.

St. Andrew fought, as we are told,
Against a host of warriors bold:
They viewed his strength with wonderment,
And yielding, in submission bent.
Defeated by his powerful rod,
They owned the greatness of his GOD.

St. David, Welshman's Champion bold,
Preferred rude war to ease and gold:
He, fighting for his faith divine,
Unhorsed and slew Prince Palestine.
His Pagan followers stood in awe,
And worshipped heathen gods no more.

St. Patrick, Ireland's valiant knight,
Did thirty robbers put to flight;
Rescued from them six ladies fair,
And then protected them with care.
Great fame and glory he acquired,
And as a holy priest expired.

St. Dennis was the knight of France,
As brave as ever carried lance:

Fair fame he won: for he did free
A princess prisoned in a tree.
Fair Eglantine, once Thessaly's pride,
He saved and took to be his bride

St. James the Champion was of Spain,
His country's glory to maintain:
An angry boar, inflamed with rage,
This hero did in fight engage.
And since he slew the boar in strife,
He Celestine did gain as wife.

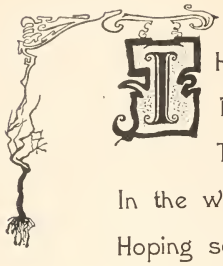
St. Anthony, Italian knight,
His country's fame upheld in fight:
The giant Blanderon did place
In prison dark the Queen of Thrace;
St. Anthony the giant slew
And took as wife the princess true.

There was a little man,
and he had a little gun

There was a little man, and he had a
little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead,
lead, lead.

He shot John Sprig through the middle
of his wig,
And knocked it off his head, head,
head.

I have seen you, little mouse



I HAVE seen you, little mouse,
Running all about the house,
Through the hole, your little eye
In the wainscot peeping sly,
Hoping soon some crumbs to steal,
To make quite a hearty meal.
Look before you venture out,
See if pussy is about,
If she's gone, you'll quickly run,
To the larder for some fun,
Round about the dishes creep,
Taking into each a peep,
To choose the daintiest that's there,
Spoiling things you do not care.

As soft as silk

As soft as silk, as white as milk,
As bitter as gall, a strong wall,
And a green coat covers me all.

(*a walnut*)

Barber, barber, shave a pig,
How many hairs will make a wig?

"Four and twenty, that's enough"
Give the barber a pinch of snuff

Bryan O'Lin had no breeches to wear

So he bought him a sheepskin and made him a pair.

With the skinny side out, and the woolly side in,

"Ah ha, that is warm!" said Bryan O'Lin.

Mary had a pretty bird

ARY had a pretty bird,
Feathers bright and yellow;
Slender legs, upon my word,
He was a pretty fellow.
The sweetest notes he always sung,
Which much delighted Mary;
And near the cage she'd ever sit,
To hear her own canary

The girl in the lane, that couldn't speak plain

The girl in the lane, that couldn't speak plain,
Cried, gobble, gobble, gobble:
The man on the hill, that couldn't stand still,
Went hobble, hobble, hobble.

"We are three brethren out of Spain"

"We are three brethren out of Spain,
Come to court your daughter Jane."
"My daughter Jane she is too young,
She has not learned her mother tongue."

"Be she young, or be she oid,
For her beauty she must be sold.
So fare you well, my lady gay,
We'll call again another day."

"Turn back, turn back, thou scornful knight,
And rub thy spurs till they be bright."
"Of my spurs take you no thought,
For in this land they were not bought.

So fare you well, my lady gay,
We'll call again another day."

"Turn back, turn back, thou scornful
knight;
And take the fairest in your sight."
"The fairest maid that I can see,
Is pretty Nancy, come to me."

"Here comes your daughter, safe and
sound,
Every pocket with a thousand pound,
Every pocket with a gay gold ring,
Please to take your daughter in."

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he,
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the 'Bell' at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

'My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad!
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again.

For saddletree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came downstairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

"So, fair and softly!" John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got,
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around:
"He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made the horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop.
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the
house!"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired,"
Said Gilpin—"So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song,

Away went Gilpin out of breath
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's,
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell!;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come:
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit,
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away,
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah! luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the "Bell,"
"This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry.

"Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up,
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, "Long live the King,
And Gilpin, long live he;"
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see.

The bee doth love the sweetest flower,
So doth the blossom the April shower.

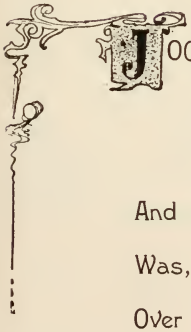
One, two, buckle my shoe

One, two,
Buckle my shoe;
Three, four,
Shut the door;
Five, six,
Pick up sticks;
Seven, eight,
Lay them straight;
Nine, ten,
A good fat hen;
Eleven, twelve,
Who will delve?
Thirteen, fourteen,
Maids a-courting;
Fifteen, sixteen,
Maids in the kitchen;
Seventeen, eighteen,
Maids a waiting;
Nineteen, twenty,
My plate's empty.

Six little mice sat down to spin

Six little mice sat down to spin,
Pussy passed by, and she peeped in.
"What are you at, my little men?"
"Making coats for gentlemen."
"Shall I come in and bite off your thread?"
"No, no, Miss Pussy, you'll bite off our head."

Jocky was a piper's son



JOCKY was a piper's son,
And he fell in love when he was young,
And the only tune he could play
Was, "Over the hills and far away;"
Over the hills and a great way off,
And the wind will blow my top-knot off.

There was a piper
had a cow

There was a piper had a cow,
And he had nought to give her;
He pulled out his pipes, and played her
a tune,
And bade the cow consider.

The cow considered very well,
And gave the piper a penny,
And bade him play the other tune—
"Corn rigs are bonny."

Mary, Mary, quite contrary

ARY, Mary,
Quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
Silver bells,
And cockle-shells,
And pretty maids all of a row.

"Pretty maids all of a row."

There was a crooked man

THERE was a crooked man, and he
went a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence against
a crooked stile:
He bought a crooked cat, which caught
a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little
crooked house.

There was a jolly miller

There was a jolly miller
Lived on the river Dee:
He worked and sung from morn till night,
No lark so blithe as he,
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be—
I jump mejerrime jee!
I care for nobody—no! not I,
Since nobody cares for me.

Who killed Cock Robin?

"I," said the sparrow,
"With my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin."

Who saw him die?

"I," said the fly,
"With my little eye,
I saw him die."

Who caught his blood?

"I," said the fish,
"With my little dish,
I caught his blood."

Who'll make his shroud?

"I," said the beetle,

"With my thread and needle,

I'll make his shroud."

Who'll bear the torch?

"I," said the linnet,

"Will come in a minute,

I'll bear the torch."

Who'll be the clerk?

"I," said the lark,

"I'll say Amen in the dark,

I'll be the clerk."

Who'll dig his grave?

"I," said the owl,

"With my spade and shovel,

I'll dig his grave."

Who'll be the parson?

"I," said the rook,

"With my little book,

I'll be the parson."

Who'll be chief mourner?

"I," said the dove,

"I mourn for my love,

I'll be chief mourner."

Who'll sing his dirge?

"I," said the thrush,

"As I sing in a bush,

I'll sing his dirge."

Who'll carry his coffin?

"I," said the kite,

"If it be in the night,

I'll carry his coffin."

Who'll toll the bell?

"I," said the bull,

"Because I can pull,

I'll toll the bell."

Who killed Cock Robin?

All the birds of the air
Fell sighing and sobbing,
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin.

Diddle diddle dumpling

DIDDLE diddle dumpling, my son John,
Went to bed with his breeches on,
One stocking off, and one stocking on;
Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John.

Pussy-cat, pussy-cat

Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been?
I've been up to London to look at the queen.
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there?
I frightened a little mouse under the chair.

PUSSY-CAT PUSSY-CAT

ILLY, Billy, come and play,
While the sun shines bright as day."

"Yes, my Polly, so I will,
For I love to please you still."

"Billy, Billy, have you seen,
Sam and Betsy on the green?"

"Yes, my Poll, I saw them pass,
Skipping o'er the new-mown grass."

"Billy, Billy, come along,
And I will sing a pretty song."

"O then, Polly, I'll make haste,
Not one moment will I waste,
But will come and hear you sing,
And my fiddle I will bring."

I had a little hen

I HAD a little hen, the prettiest ever seen,
She washed up the dishes, and kept the house clean;
She went to the mill to fetch me some flour,
She brought it home in less than an hour;
She baked me my bread, she brewed me my ale,
She sat by the fire and told me a fine tale.

Lady bird, lady bird

Lady bird, lady bird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children have flown.
All but one, and her name is Ann,
And she has crept under the pudding-pan.

HUSHY baby, my doll, I pray you don't cry,
And I'll give you some bread and some
milk by-and-by ;
Or, perhaps you like custard, or maybe
a tart,—
Then to either you're welcome, with all
my whole heart.

But how, my dear baby, shall I make
you eat
Of the bread, or the milk, or the custard,
or meat ?
For those pretty red lips seem shut up
so fast,
I much fear they won't open to taste
the repast.

Ah ! but then, my sweet child, you'll
surely not cry,
Oh no, not one tear is there now in
your eye ;
Come kiss me, my dear, then, although
you're but wood,
For I'm sure now you smile, and look
very good.

COCK a doodle doo!
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddling stick,
And don't know what to do.

Cock a doodle doo!
What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his fiddling stick,
She'll dance without her shoe.

Cock a doodle doo!
My dame has lost her shoe,
And master's found his fiddling stick,
Sing doodle doodle doo!

Cock a doodle doo!

Cock a doodle doo!
My dame will dance with
you.
While master fiddles his
fiddling stick,
For dame and doodle doo.

Cock a doodle doo!
Dame has lost her shoe;
Gone to bed and scratched her head,
And can't tell what to do.

There was an old woman

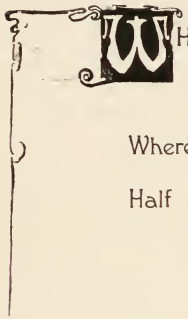
There was an old woman had three sons,
Jerry and James and John:
Jerry was hung, James was drowned,
John was lost, and never was found;
And there was an end of her three sons,
Jerry and James and John!

When the wind is
in the east

When the wind is in the east,
'Tis neither good for man nor beast;
When the wind is in the north,
The skilful fisher goes not forth;
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fishes' mouth;
When the wind is in the west,
Then 'tis at the very best.

"When the wind is in the east"

Where should a baby rest?



WHERE should a baby rest?
Where but on its mother's arm—
Where can a baby lie
Half so safe from every harm?
Lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Softly sleep, my baby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Soft, soft, my baby.

Nestle there, my lovely one!
Press to mine thy velvet cheek;
Sweetly coo, and smile, and look,
All the love thou canst not speak.
Lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Softly sleep, my baby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Soft, soft, my baby.

"Let us go to the woods," says Richard to Robin,
"Let us go to the woods," says Robin to Bobbin,
"Let us go to the woods," says John all alone,
"Let us go to the woods," says every one.

"What to do there?" says Richard to Robin,
"What to do there?" says Robin to Bobbin,
"What to do there?" says John all alone,
"What to do there?" says every one.

"We will shoot a wren," says Richard to Robin,
"We will shoot a wren," says Robin to Bobbin,
"We will shoot a wren," says John all alone,
"We will shoot a wren," says every one.

"Then pounce, pounce," says Richard to Robin,
"Then pounce, pounce," says Robin to Bobbin,
"Then pounce, pounce," says John all alone,
"Then pounce, pounce," says every one.

"She is dead, she is dead," says Richard to Robin,
"She is dead, she is dead," says Robin to Bobbin,
"She is dead, she is dead," says John all alone,
"She is dead, she is dead," says every one.

"How shall we get her home?" says Richard to Robin,
"How shall we get her home?" says Robin to Bobbin,
"How shall we get her home?" says John all alone,
"How shall we get her home?" says every one.

"In a cart with six horses," says Richard to Robin,
"In a cart with six horses," says Robin to Bobbin,
"In a cart with six horses," says John all alone,
"In a cart with six horses," says every one.

"How shall we get her dressed?" says Richard to Robin,
"How shall we get her dressed?" says Robin to Bobbin,
"How shall we get her dressed?" says John all alone,
"How shall we get her dressed?" says every one.

"We will hire seven cooks," says Richard
to Robin,
"We will hire seven cooks," says Robin
to Bobbin,
"We will hire seven cooks," says John
all alone,
"We will hire seven cooks," says every
one.

Hickory, Dickory, Dock

HICKORY, Dickory, Dock,
The mouse ran up the clock,
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down,
Hickory, Dickory, Dock.

A Frog he would a-wooing go

A Frog he would a-wooing go,
Heigho, says Rowley,
Whether his mother would let him or no.
With a rowley powley, gammon
and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

So off he set with his opera hat,
Heigho, says Rowley,
And on the road he met with a rat.
With a rowley powley, gammon
and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

"Pray, Mr. Rat, will you go with me,"
Heigho, says Rowley,
"Kind Mrs. Mousey for to see?"
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

When they reached the door of Mousey's hall,
Heigho, says Rowley,
They gave a loud knock, and they gave a loud call.
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"
Heigho, says Rowley,
"Oh, yes, kind sirs, I'm sitting to spin."
With a rowley powley, gammon
and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some
beer?
Heigho, says Rowley,
For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer."
With a rowley powley, gammon
and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

"Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?
Heigho, says Rowley,
But let it be something that's not very long."
With a rowley powley, gammon
and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

"Indeed, Mrs. Mouse," replied Mr. Frog,
Heigho, says Rowley,
"A cold has made me as hoarse as a hog."
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

"Since you have caught cold, Mr. Frog,"
Mousey said,
Heigho, says Rowley,
"I'll sing you a song that I have just made."
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

But while they were all a merry-making,
Heigho, says Rowley,
A cat and her kittens came tumbling in.
With a rowley powley, gammon
and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

The cat she seized the
rat by the crown;
Heigho, says
Rowley,
The kittens they pulled
the little mouse
down.
With a rowley powley,
gammon and
spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright;
Heigho, says Rowley,
He took up his hat, and he wished them good-night.
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

But as Froggy was crossing over a brook,
Heigho, says Rowley,
A lily-white duck came and gobbled him up.
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

A Frog he would a-wooing go

So there was an end of one, two, and three,
Heigho, says Rowley,
The Rat, the Mouse, and the little Frog-gee!
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

When I was a bachelor

When I was a bachelor I lived by myself,
And all the meat I got I put upon a shelf,
The rats and the mice did lead me such a life,
That I went to London, to get myself a wife.

The streets were so broad, and the lanes were so narrow,
I could not get my wife home without a wheelbarrow,
The wheelbarrow broke, my wife got a fall,
Down tumbled wheelbarrow, little wife, and all.

Goosey, goosey, gander,
Whither shall I wander?
Upstairs and downstairs,
And in my lady's chamber;

There I met an old man
That would not say his prayers;
I took him by the left leg,
And threw him downstairs.

Robin the Bobbin

Robin the Bobbin, the big bouncing Ben,
He ate more meat than fourscore men;
He ate a cow, he ate a calf,
He ate a butcher and a half;
He ate a church, he ate a steeple,
He ate the priest and all the people!

Rock-a-bye, baby

Rock-a-bye, baby, thy cradle is green;
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen;
And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring;
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the king.

TOM, Tom, the piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young,
But all the tunes that he could play,
Was "Over the hills and far away."
Over the hills, and a great way off,
And the wind will blow my top-knot off.

Now Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleased both the girls and boys,
And they stopped to hear him play,
"Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe did play with such skill,
That those who heard him could never keep still;
Whenever they heard they began for to dance,
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.

THOSE - THAT - HEARD - HIM - COULD - NEVER - KEEP - STILL

As Dolly was milking the cow one day,
Tom took out his pipe and began for to play;
So Doll and the cow danced "the Cheshire round,"
Till the pail was broke, and the milk ran on the ground.

He met old Dame Trot with a basket of eggs,
He used his pipe, and she used her legs;
She danced about till the eggs were all broke,
She began for to fret, but he laughed at the joke.

He saw a cross fellow was beating an ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes, and glass;

He took out his pipe and played them a
tune,
And the jackass's load was lightened full
soon.

A pie sate on a pear-tree

A PIE sate on a pear-tree,
A pie sate on a pear-tree,
A pie sate on a pear-tree,
Heigh O, heigh O, heigh O!
Once so merrily hopped she,
Twice so merrily hopped she,
Thrice so merrily hopped she,
Heigh O, heigh O, heigh O!

Shoe the horse, and shoe the mare;
But let the little colt go bare.

Doctor Faustus was
a good man

Doctor Faustus was a good man,

He whipped his scholars now and then;

When he whipped them he made them dance,

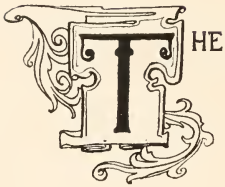
Out of Scotland into France,

Out of France into Spain,

And then he whipped them back again!

Sing! sing! what shall I sing?

The cat's run away with the pudding string.



HE fox and his wife they had a great strife,
They never ate mustard in all their whole life;
They ate their meat without fork or knife,
And loved to be picking a bone, e-ho!

The fox jumped up on a moonlight night;
The stars they were shining, and all things bright;
Oh, ho! said the fox, it's a very fine night
For me to go through the town, e-ho!

The fox when he came to yonder stile,
He lifted his lugs and he listened awhile!
Oh, ho! said the fox, it's but a short mile
From this unto yonder wee town, e-ho!

The fox when he came to the farmer's gate,
Who should he see but the farmer's drake;

I love you well for your master's sake,
And long to be picking your bone, e-ho!

The grey goose she ran round the hay-stack,
Oh, ho! said the fox, you are very fat;
You'll grease my beard and ride on my back
From this into yonder wee town, e-ho!

Old Gammer Hipple-hopple hopped out of bed,
She opened the casement, and popped out her head;
Oh! husband, oh! husband, the grey goose is dead,
And the fox is gone through the town, oh!

Then the old man got up in his red cap,
And swore he would catch the fox in a trap;

But the fox was too cunning, and gave
him the slip,
And ran through the town, the town, oh!

When he got to the top of the hill,
He blew his trumpet both loud and shrill,
For joy that he was safe
Through the town, oh!

When the fox came back to his den,
He had young ones both nine and ten,
"You're welcome home, daddy; you may
go again,
If you bring us such nice meat
From the town, oh!"

They that wash on Friday, wash in need;
And they that wash on Saturday, oh!
they're sluts indeed.

ROBERT BARNES, fellow fine,
Can you shoe this horse of mine?"
"Yes, good Sir, that I can,
As well as any other man;

There's a nail, and there's a prod,
And now, good Sir, your horse is shod."

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,

Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveller in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark:
How could he see where to go,
If you did not twinkle so?

In the dark blue sky you keep,
Often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

On Christmas eve
I turned the spit

ON Christmas eve I turned the spit,
I burnt my fingers, I feel it yet;
The cock sparrow flew over the table,
The pot began to play with the ladle;
The ladle stood up like a naked man,
And vowed he'd fight the frying-pan;
The frying-pan behind the door
Said he never saw the like before;
And the kitchen clock I was going to
wind,
Said he never saw the like behind.

Multiplication is vexation

Multiplication is vexation,
Division is just as bad;
The Rule of Three perplexes me,
And Practice drives me mad.

Elizabeth, Eliza, Betsy, and Bess,

Went over the water to rob a bird's nest,

They found a nest with five eggs in it,

They each took one, and left four in it.

JACK be nimble

Jack be quick,

Jack jump over the candlestick.

Good people all,
of every sort

GOOD people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song:
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a Godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found:
As many dogs there be—
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends,
But, when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wondering neighbours ran;
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied—
The man recovered of the bite;
The dog it was that died.

There was an old woman

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;
She gave them some broth without any bread,
She whipped them all round, and sent them to bed.

Monday's bairn

ONDAY'S bairn is fair of face,
Tuesday's bairn is full of grace,
Wednesday's bairn is full of woe,
Thursday's bairn has far to go,
Friday's bairn is loving and giving,
Saturday's bairn works hard for its living,
But the bairn that is born on the Sabbath day
Is bonny and blythe and good and gay.

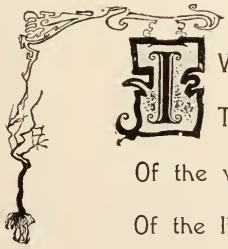
"SHE CHIPPED THEM ALL ROUND."

Punch and Judy

Punch and Judy
Fought for a pie,
Punch gave Judy
A knock in the
eye.

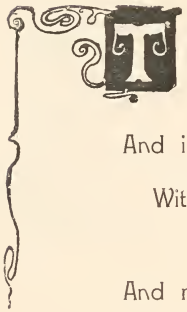
Says Punch to Judy,
Will you have any more?"
Says Judy to Punch,
"My eyes are too sore."

I will sing you a song



I WILL sing you a song,
Though 'tis not very long,
Of the woodcock and the sparrow,
Of the little dog that burned his tail,
And he shall be whipped to-morrow.

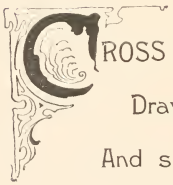
The little clock



THERE'S a neat little clock,
In the schoolroom it stands,
And it points to the time
With its two little hands

And may we, like the clock,
Keep a face clean and bright,
With hands ever ready
To do what is right.

Cross patch, draw the latch



CROSS patch,
Draw the latch,
And sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup,
And drink it up,
Then call your neighbours in.

There was a lady
loved a swine

There was a lady loved a swine,

Honey, quoth she,

Pig-hog, wilt thou be mine?

Grunt, quoth he.

There was a lady
loved a swine

I'll build thee a silver stye
Honey, quoth she;
And in it thou shalt lie;
Grunt, quoth he.

Pinned with a silver pin,
Honey, quoth she,
That you may go out and in;
Grunt, quoth he.

Wilt thou now have me,
Honey, quoth she;
Grunt, grunt, grunt, quoth he,
And went his way.

Robin-a-Bobbin

Robin-a-Bobbin
Bent his bow,
Shot at a pigeon,
And killed a crow.

In marble walls

IN marble walls as white as milk,
Lined with a skin as soft as silk;
Within a fountain crystal clear,
A golden apple doth appear.
No doors there are to this stronghold,
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.

If all the world were water

If all the world were water,
And all the sea were ink,
What should we do for bread and cheese?
What should we do for drink?

God bless the master of this house

GOD bless the master of this house,
The mistress bless also,
And all the little children
That round the table go;
And all your kin and kinsmen,
That dwell both far and near:
I wish you a merry Christmas,
And a happy new year.

Birds, beasts, and fishes

THE Dog will come when he is called
The Cat will walk away;
The Monkey's cheek is very bald;
The Goat is fond of play.
The Parrot is a prate-apace,
Yet knows not what he says:
The noble Horse will win the race,
Or draw you in a chaise.

The Pig is not a feeder nice,
The Squirrel loves a nut,
The Wolf would eat you in a trice,
The Buzzard's eyes are shut.
The Lark sings high up in the air,
The Linnet in the tree;
The Swan he has a bosom fair,
And who so proud as he?

Oh, yes, the Peacock is more proud,
Because his tail has eyes;
The Lion roars so very loud,
He'd fill you with surprise.
The Raven's coat is shining black,
Or, rather, raven-grey:
The Camel's bunch is on his back,
The Owl abhors the day.

The Sparrow steals the cherry ripe,
The Elephant is wise,
The Blackbird charms you with his pipe,
The false Hyena cries.
The Hen guards well her little chicks,
The Cow—her hoof is slit:
The Beaver builds with mud and sticks,
The Lapwing cries "Peewit."

The little Wren is very small,
The Humming-bird is less;
The Lady-bird is least of all,
And beautiful in dress.
The Pelican she loves her young,
The Stork its parent loves;
The Woodcock's bill is very long,
And innocent are Doves.

The streaked Tiger's fond of blood,
The Pigeon feeds on peas,
The Duck will gobble in the mud,
The Mice will eat your cheese.
A Lobster's black, when boiled he's red,
The harmless Lamb must bleed;
The God-fish has a clumsy head,
The Goose on grass will feed.

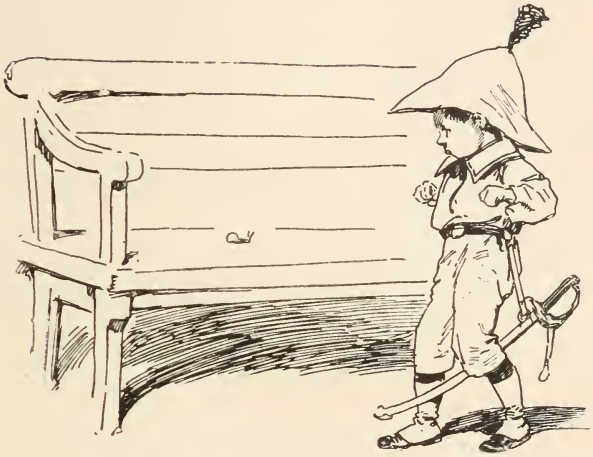
The lady in her gown of silk,
The little Worm may thank;
The sick man drinks the Ass's milk,
The Weasel's long and lank.
The Buck gives us a venison dish,
When hunted for the spoil:
The Shark eats up the little fish,
The Whale produces oil.

The Glow-worm shines the darkest night,
With Lantern in his tail;
The Turtle is the cit's delight,
And wears a coat of mail.
In Germany they hunt the Boar,
The Bee brings honey home,
The Ant lays up a winter store,
The Bear loves honey-comb.

The Eagle has a crooked beak,
The Plaice has orange spots;
The Starling, if he's taught, will speak;
The Ostrich walks and trots.
The child that does not these things know,
Might well be called a dunce;
But I in knowledge quick will grow,
For youth can come but once.

Snail, Snail

Snail, Snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal.



Snail, Snail, put out your horns,
Here comes a thief to pull down your walls.

As I was going to sell my eggs

As I was going to sell my eggs
I met a man with bandy legs;
Bandy legs and crooked toes,
I tripped up his heels, and he fell on
his nose.

A Farmer went trotting upon his grey mare

A farmer went trotting upon his grey mare,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
With his daughter behind him so rosy and fair,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

A raven cried "Croak!" and they all tumbled down,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
The mare broke her knees, and the farmer his crown,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

The mischievous raven flew laughing away,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
And vowed he would serve them the same the next day,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

My little brother

I love you well, my little brother,
And you are fond of me;
Let us be kind to one another,
As brothers ought to be.

You shall learn to play with me,
And learn to use my toys;
And then I think that we shall be
Two happy little boys.

There was an old woman lived under a hill

THERE was an old woman lived
under a hill,
She put a mouse in a bag and sent
it to the mill;
The miller did swear by the point of
his knife,
He never took toll of a mouse in his life.

When I was a little boy

When I was a little boy,
I washed my mammy's dishes,
I put my finger in my eye,
And pulled out golden fishes.

Hickety, pickety

Hickety, pickety, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen;
Gentlemen come every day
To see what my black hen doth lay.

"... My black hen,
Lays eggs for gentlemen."

I had a little husband,
No bigger than my thumb;
I put him in a pint pot,
And there I bid him drum.

I bought a little horse,
That galloped up and down;

I had a little husband

I bridled him, and saddled him,
And sent him out of town.

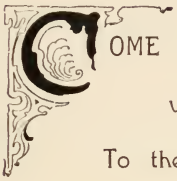
I gave him some garters,
To garter up his hose,
And a little handkerchief,

To wipe his pretty nose.

Wash me and comb me

Wash me and comb me,
And lay me down softly,
And lay me on a bank to dry,
That I may look pretty
When somebody comes by.

Come take up your hats,
and away let us haste



COME take up your hats, and away let
us haste,
To the Butterfly's Ball, and the Grass-
hopper's Feast.
The trumpeter, Gad-fly, has summoned
the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for
you.

On the smooth shaven grass, by the side
of a wood,
Beneath a broad oak which for ages had
stood,
See the children of earth, and the tenants
of air,
To an evening's amusement together
repair.

Come take up your hats,
and away let us haste

And there came the Beetle so blind and so black,
Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on his back.
And there came the Gnat and the Dragon-fly too,
With all their relations, green, orange, and blue.

And there came the Moth, with her plumage of down,
And the Hornet with jacket of yellow and brown;
And with him the Wasp, his companion, did bring,
But they promised that evening to lay by their sting.

Come take up your hats,
and away let us haste

Then the sly little Dormouse peeped out of
his hole,
And led to the Feast his blind cousin the
Mole:
And the Snail, with her horns peeping out
of her shell,
Came, fatigued with the distance, the length
of an ell.

A mushroom the table, and on it was
spread
A water-dock leaf, which their table-cloth
made.
The viands were various, to each of their
taste,
And the Bee brought the honey to sweeten
the feast.

With steps most majestic the Snail did advance,
And he promised the gazers a minuet to dance;
But they all laughed so loud that he drew in his head,
And went in his own little chamber to bed.

Then, as evening gave way to the shadows of night,
Their watchman, the Glow-worm, came out with his light.
So home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
For no watchman is waiting for you or for me.

I had a little pony

I had a little pony,
They called him Dapple Grey,
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away.

She whipped him, she lashed him,
She drove him through the mire,
I wadna gie my pony yet
For all the lady's hire.

Diddle-y-diddle-y-dumpty

Diddle-y-diddle-y-dumpty,
The cat run up the plum-tree,
Half-a-crown
To fetch her down,
Diddle-y-diddle-y-dumpty.

EE, Saw, Margery Daw,
Sold her bed and lay upon straw;
Was not she a dirty slut,
To sell her bed and lie in the dirt!

Great A, little a, Bouncing B,
The cat's in the cupboard, and she can't see.

THERE was a jovial beggar,
He had a wooden leg,
Lame from his cradle,
And forced for to beg.
And a-begging we will go, we'll go, we'll go;
And a-begging we will go!

A bag for his oatmeal,
Another for his salt;
And a pair of crutches,
To show that he can halt.
And a-begging we will go, we'll go, we'll go;
And a-begging we will go!

A bag for his wheat,
Another for his rye;
A little bottle by his side
To drink when he's a-dry.
And a-begging we will go, we'll go, we'll go;
And a-begging we will go!

Seven years I begged
For my old Master Wild,
He taught me to beg
When I was but a child.
And a-begging we will go, we'll go, we'll go;
And a-begging we will go!

I begged for my master,
And got him store of pelf;
And now, Jove be praised!
I'm begging for myself.
And a-begging we will go, we'll go, we'll go;
And a-begging we will go!

In a hollow tree
I live, and pay no rent;
Providence provides for me,
And I am well content.
And a-begging we will go, we'll go, we'll go;
And a-begging we will go!

There was a jovial beggar

Of all the occupations,
A beggar's life's the best;
For whene'er he's weary,
He'll lay him down and rest.
And a-begging we will go, we'll go, we'll go,
And a-begging we will go!

I fear no plots against me,
I live in open cell;
Then who would be a king,
When beggars live so well?
And a-begging we will go, we'll go, we'll go;
And a-begging we will go!

Now what do you think

Now what do you think
Of little Jack Jingle?
Before he was married
He used to live single.

Bobby Shaftoe

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee;
He'll come back and marry me,
Bonny Bobby Shaftoe!
Bobby Shaftoe's young and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair,
He's my love for evermore,
Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.

For want of a nail

For want of a nail, the shoe was lost,
For want of the shoe, the horse was lost,
For want of the horse, the rider was lost,
For want of the rider, the battle was lost,
For want of the battle, the kingdom was lost,
And all from the want of a horseshoe nail!

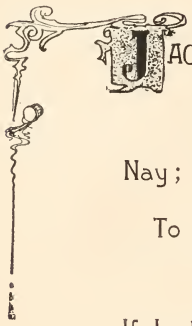
Rub-a-dub-dub

RUB-A-DUB-DUB,
Three men in a tub;
And who do you think they be?
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick-maker;
Turn 'em out, knaves all three!

There was an old woman called Nothing-at-all

There was an old woman called Nothing-at-all,
Who rejoiced in a dwelling exceedingly small:
A man stretched his mouth to its utmost extent,
And down at one gulp house and old woman went.

Jacky, come give me thy fiddle



JACKY, come give me thy fiddle,
If ever thou mean to thrive.
Nay; I'll not give my fiddle
To any man alive.

If I should give my fiddle,
They'll think that I'm gone mad;
For many a joyful day
My fiddle and I have had.

Young Lambs to sell

Young Lambs to sell!
Young Lambs to sell!
If I'd as much money as I can tell,
I never would cry — Young Lambs to sell!

"Young lambs to sell"

Johnny Pringle had a little pig

Johnny Pringle had a little pig,
It was very little, so not very big:
As it was playing on a dunghill,
In a moment poor piggy was killed.
So Johnny Pringle, he sat down and cried,
Betsy Pringle, she lay down and died.
There is the history of one, two, and three,
Johnny Pringle, Betsy Pringle, and little
Piggy.

Yet didn't you see

Yet didn't you see, yet didn't you see,
What naughty tricks they put upon me:
They broke my pitcher,
And spilt my water,
And huffed my mother,
And chid her daughter,
And kissed my sister instead of me.

Hot-cross Buns!

Hot-cross Buns!

One a penny, two a penny

Hot-cross Buns!

Hot-cross Buns!

Hot-cross Buns!

If ye have no daughters,

Give them to your sons.

Jack Jingle went 'prentice
To make a horseshoe,
He wasted the iron
Till it would not do.
His master came in,
And began for to rail;
Says Jack, "The shoe's spoiled,
But 'twill still make a nail."

He tried at the nail,
But, chancing to miss,
Says, "If it won't make a nail,
It shall yet make a hiss."
Then into the water
Threw the hot iron, smack.
"Hiss!" quoth the iron;
"I thought so," says Jack.

Hey ding-a-ding

Hey ding-a-ding,
I heard a bird sing,
The parliament soldiers
Are gone to the king.

Willy boy, where are you going?

Willy boy, Willy boy, where are you going?
I will go with you, if that I may.
I'm going to the meadow to see them a mowing,
I'm going to help them make the hay.

Little Nancy Etticoat

Little Nancy Etticoat,
In a white petticoat,
And a red nose;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.

He that would thrive

He that would thrive,
Must rise at five;
He that hath thriven,
May lie till seven;
And he that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

I had a little nut tree

I HAD a little nut tree, nothing would it bear
But a silver apple and a golden pear;
The King of Spain's daughter came to see me,
And all for the sake of my little nut tree.
I skipped over water, I danced over sea,
And all the birds in the air couldn't catch me.

An apple pie

An apple pie, when it looks nice,
Would make one long to have a slice,
But if the taste should prove so, too,
I fear one slice would scarcely do.
So to prevent my asking twice,
Pray, mamma, cut a good large slice.

I HAD A LITTLE
NUT TREE

I saw three ships come sailing by

I saw three ships come sailing by,
Sailing by, sailing by,
I saw three ships come sailing by,
On New-Year's Day in the morning.

And what do you think was in them then,
In them then, in them then?
And what do you think was in them then,
On New-Year's Day in the morning.

Three pretty girls were in them then,
In them then, in them then,
Three pretty girls were in them then,
On New-Year's Day in the morning.

And one could whistle, and one could sing,
And one could play on the violin,
Such joy there was at my wedding,
On New-Year's Day in the morning.

Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!
As the light-hearted fairy, heigh ho! heigh ho!
He dances and sings
To the sound of his wings,
With a hey and a heigh and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so airy, heigh ho!
As the light-hearted fairy, heigh ho! heigh ho!
His nectar he sips
From a primrose's lips,
With a hey and a heigh and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!
As the light-footed fairy, heigh ho! heigh ho!
His night is the noon
And his sun is the moon,
With a hey and a heigh and a ho!

One, two, three, four, five

ONE, two, three, four, five,
I have caught a fish alive;
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
I have let it go again.
Why did you let it go?
Because it bit my finger so.
Which finger did it bite?
The little one on the right.

Little Polly Flinders

Little Polly Flinders
Sat among the cinders,
Warming her pretty little toes!
Her mother came and caught her,
And whipped her little daughter,
For spoiling her nice new clothes.

A curious discourse about an Apple-pie, that passed between the Twenty-five Letters at Dinner-time.

Says A, Give me a good large slice.
Says B, A little Bit, but nice.
Says C, Cut me a piece of Crust.
Says D, It is as Dry as Dust.
Says E, I'll Eat now, fast who will.
Says F, I vow I'll have my Fill.
Says G, Give it to me Good and Great.
Says H, A little bit I Hate.
Says I, I love the Juice the best.
And K the very same confessed.
Says L, There's nothing more I Love.
Says M, It makes your teeth to Move.
N Noticed what the others said.
O Others' plates with grief surveyed.
P Praised the cook up to the life.
Q Quarrelled 'cause he'd a bad knife.
Says R, It Runs short, I'm afraid.
S Silent sat, and nothing said.
T thought that Talking might lose time.
U Understood it at meals a crime.
W Wished there had been a quince in.
Says X, Those cooks there's no convincing.

Says Y, I'll eat, let others wish.
Z sat as mute as any fish.
While ampersand, he licked the dish.

The man in the moon

The man in the moon
Came tumbling down,
And asked his way to Norwich;
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth,
With supping cold pease-porridge.

There were three jovial Welshmen

There were three jovial Welshmen,
As I have heard them say,
And they would go a-hunting
Upon St. David's day.

All the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find;
But a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,
The other he said "Nay;"
The third said it was a house,
With the chimney blown away.

And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.

There were three jovial Welshmen

One said it was the moon,
The other he said "Nay;"
The third said it was a cheese,
And half o' it cut away.

The Hart he loves the high wood

The Hart he loves the high Wood,
The Hare she loves the hill,
The Knight he loves his bright sword,
The Lady—loves her will.

I had a little moppet

I had a little moppet,
I kept it in my pocket,
And fed it with corn and hay,
There came a proud beggar
Who swore he would have her,
And stole little moppet away.

Wee Willie Winkie

Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs in his nightgown,
Rapping at the window, crying through
the lock,
"Are the children in their beds, for now
it's eight o'clock?"

There was a little woman

There was a little woman, as I've been told,
Who was not very young, nor yet very old,
Now this little woman her living got,
By selling codlins, hot, hot, hot!

Around the green gravel

Around the green gravel the grass grows
green,
And all the pretty maids are plain to be
seen;
Wash them with milk, and clothe them
with silk,
And write their names with a pen and ink.

Buttons a farthing a pair

Buttons a farthing a pair,
Come, who will buy them of me?
They're round and sound and pretty,
And fit for the girls of the city.
Come, who will buy them of me,
Buttons a farthing a pair?

As little Jenny Wren

As little Jenny Wren
  Was sitting by the shed,
She waggled with her tail,
  And nodded with her head.
She waggled with her tail,
  And nodded with her head,
As little Jenny Wren
  Was sitting by the shed.

Three blind mice, see how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife,

Who cut off their tails with the carving-knife,
Did you ever see such a thing in your life?
As three blind mice.

The north wind doth blow,

And we shall have snow,

And what will poor Robin do then?

Poor thing!

He'll sit in a barn,

And to keep himself warm,

Will hide his head under his wing.

Poor thing!

Bless you, burny-bee

Bless you, bless you, burny-bee:
Say, when will your wedding be?
If it be to-morrow day,
Take your wings and fly away.

The rose is red

The rose is red, the violet blue,
The gilly-flower sweet, and so are you.
These are the words you bade me say
For a pair of new gloves on Easter-day.

Simple Simon met a pieman

Simple Simon met a pieman
Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

Simple Simon

Simple Simon met a pieman

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,

"Show me first your penny."

Says Simple Simon to the pieman,

"Indeed, I have not any."

Simple Simon went a-fishing,

For to catch a whale:

All the water he had got

Was in his mother's pail.

Yankee Doodle went to town,
Upon a little pony;
He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called it Macaroni.

TWEEDLE-DUM AND TWEEDLE-DEE

Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee
Resolved to have a battle,
For Tweedle-dum said Tweedle-dee
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.

Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee

Just then flew by a monstrous crow,
As big as a tar barrel,
Which frightened both the heroes so,
They quite forgot their quarrel.

Here's Sulky Sue

Here's Sulky Sue,
What shall we do?
Turn her face to the wall
Till she comes to.

Jack Sprat had a cat

Jack Sprat
Had a cat,
It had but one ear;
It went to buy butter,
When butter was dear.

A long-tailed pig

A LONG-TAILED pig, and a short-tailed pig,
Or a pig without e'er a tail,
A sow pig, or a boar pig,
Or a pig with a curly tail.

As I was going up Pippen Hill

As I was going up Pippen Hill,
  Pippen Hill was dirty;
There I met a pretty miss,
  And she dropped me a curtsey.

Little miss, pretty miss,
  Blessings light upon you!
If I had half-a-crown a day,
  I'd spend it all on you.

Lavender blue and rosemary green

Lavender blue and rosemary green,
When I am king you shall be queen;
Call up my maids at four o'clock,
Some to the wheel and some to the rock,
Some to make hay and some to shear corn,
And you and I will keep ourselves warm.

Hey, my kitten, my kitten

Hey, my kitten, my kitten,
And hey, my kitten, my deary!
Such a sweet pet as this
Was neither far nor neary.
Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, downy;
And here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, roundy.

"Here we go backwards and forwards."

Polly put the kettle on

POLLY, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
And we'll all have tea.

Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
They're all gone away.

There was a little boy went into a barn

There was a little boy went into a barn,
And lay down on some hay;
An owl came out and flew about,
And the little boy ran away.

The old woman and her pig

N old woman was sweeping her house, and she found a little crooked sixpence. "What," said she, "shall I do with this little sixpence? I will go to market, and buy a little pig."

As she was coming home, she came to a stile; but the pig would not go over the stile.

She went a little farther, and she met a dog. So she said to the dog—

"Dog, dog, bite pig!
Pig won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the dog would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a stick. So she said—

"Stick, stick, beat dog!
Dog won't bite pig;

Pig won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the stick would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a fire. So she said—

"Fire, fire, burn stick!
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the fire would not.

She went a little farther, and she met some water. So she said—

"Water, water, quench fire!
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;

Pig won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the water would not.

She went a little farther, and she met an ox. So she said—

"Ox, ox, drink water!
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the ox would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a butcher. So she said—

"Butcher, butcher, kill ox!
Ox won't drink water;

Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the butcher would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a rope. So she said—

"Rope, rope, hang butcher!
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the rope would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a rat. So she said—

"Rat, rat, gnaw rope!
Rope won't hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the rat would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a cat. So she said—

"Cat, cat, kill rat!
Rat won't gnaw rope;
Rope won't hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

The cat said, "If you will give me a saucer of milk, I will kill the rat."

So the old woman gave the cat the milk, and when she had lapped up the milk—

The cat began to kill the rat;
The rat began to gnaw the rope;

The old woman and her pig

The rope began to hang the butcher;
The butcher began to kill the ox;
The ox began to drink the water;
The water began to quench the fire;
The fire began to burn the stick;
The stick began to beat the dog;
The dog began to bite the pig;
The pig jumped over the stile;
And so the old woman got home that night.

Tit, tat, toe

Tit, tat, toe,
My first go,
Three jolly butcher boys
All of a row;
Stick one up,
Stick one down,
Stick one in the old man's crown.

Monday alone

Monday alone,
  Tuesday together,
Wednesday we walk
  When it's fine weather.
Thursday we kiss,
  Friday we cry,
Saturday's hours
  Seem almost to fly.
But of all days in the week
  We will call
Sunday, the rest day,
  The best day of all.

As I was going o'er Westminster Bridge

As I was going o'er Westminster Bridge,
  I met with a Westminster scholar;
He pulled off his cap, *an' drew* off his glove,
  And wished me a very good-morrow.
    What is his name?

AS I WALKED · BY MYSELF

S I walked by myself,

I talked to myself,

And the self-same self said

to me,

Look out for thyself,

Take care of thyself,

For nobody cares for thee.

I answered myself,

And said to myself

In the self-same repartee,

Look to thyself,

Or not look to thyself,

The self-same thing will be.

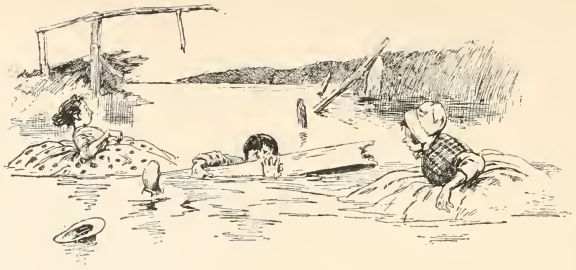
THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN
AND HE WOO'D A LITTLE MAID

There was a little man,
And he wooed a little maid,
And he said, "Little maid, will you wed,
wed, wed?
I have little more to say,
Than will you, yea or nay,
For least said is soonest mended-ded,
ded, ded."

The little maid replied,
Some say a little sighed,
"But what shall we have for to eat,
eat, eat?
Will the love that you're so rich in
Make a fire in the kitchen?
Or the little god of Love turn the spit,
spit, spit?"

Pussy sits beside the fire

Pussy sits beside the fire,
How can she be fair?
In comes the little dog,
Pussy, are you there?
So, so, Mistress Pussy,
Pray how do you do?
Thank you, thank you, little dog,
I'm very well just now.



Bryan O'Lin

Bryan O'Lin and his wife and wife's
mother,
They all went over a bridge together:
The bridge was broken, and they all
fell in,
"Mischief take all!" quoth Bryan
O'Lin.

Cold and raw

Cold and raw the north wind doth blow,
Bleak in a morning early;
All the hills are covered with snow,
And winter's now come fairly.

January brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes loud and shrill,
Stirs the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Skipping by their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings cooling showers,
Apricots and gillyflowers.

January brings the snow

August brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the harvest home is borne.

Warm September brings the fruit,
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Fresh October brings the pheasant,
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast,
Then the leaves are whirling fast.

Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire and Christmas treat.

Bye, baby bunting

Bye, baby bunting,
Father's gone a-hunting,
Mother's gone a-milking,
Sister's gone a-silking,
Brother's gone to buy a skin
To wrap the baby bunting in.

DING, dong bell,
Pussy's in the well!
Who put her in?—
Little Tommy Green.
Who pulled her out?—
Little Johnny Stout.
What a naughty boy was that
To drown poor pussy-cat,
Who never did any harm,
But killed the mice in his father's barn.

Four and twenty tailors

Four and twenty tailors went to kill a
snail,
The best man among them durst not
touch her tail;
She put out her horns like a little Kyloe
cow,
Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you all
e'en now.

What is the news of the day?

What is the news of the day,
Good neighbour, I pray?
They say the balloon
Is gone up to the moon!

Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel and then to fight;
One had a mouse, and the other had none,
And that's the way the quarrel begun.

"I'll have that mouse," said the biggest cat.
"*You'll* have that mouse? We'll see about that!"
"I *will* have that mouse," said the eldest son.
"You *shan't* have the mouse," said the little one.

I told you before 'twas a stormy night
When these two little kittens began to fight;

The old woman seized her sweeping
broom,
And swept the two kittens right out of
the room.

The ground was covered with frost and
snow,
And the two little kittens had nowhere
to go;
So they laid them down on the mat at
the door,
While the old woman finished sweeping
the floor.

Then they crept in, as quiet as mice,
All wet with the snow, and as cold as ice,
For they found it was better, that stormy
night,
To lie down and sleep than to quarrel
and fight.

What are little boys made of, made of,
What are little boys made of?
Snaps and snails, and puppy-dog's tails;
And that's what little boys are made of,
made of.

What are little girls made of, made of,
made of,
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice, and all that's nice;
And that's what little girls are made of,
made of.

As I was a-going by a little pig-sty

As I was a-going by a little pig-sty,
I saw a child's petticoat hanging to dry,
I took off my jacket and hung it hard by,
To bear the petticoat company.
The wind blew high, and down they fell;
Jacket and petticoat into the well
Into the well, into the well,
Jacket and petticoat into the well.

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl:
And if the bowl had been stronger,
My song would have been longer.

Jenny Wren fell sick,
  Upon a merry time;
In came Robin Redbreast
  And brought her sops and wine.

"Eat well of the sop, Jenny,
  Drink well of the wine."
"Thank you, Robin, kindly,
  You shall be mine."

Jenny she got well,
  And stood upon her feet,
And told Robin plainly
  She loved him not a bit.

Robin being angry,
  Hopped upon a twig,
Saying, "Out upon you! Fie upon you,
  Bold-faced jig!"

Sukey, you shall
be my wife

"Sukey, you shall be my wife,
And I will tell you why:
I have got a little pig,
And you have got a sty;
I have got a dun cow,
And you can make good cheese,
Sukey, will you have me?
Say yes, if you please."

Sukey she made answer,
"For your cow and pig,
I tell you, Jacky Jingle,
I do not care a fig.

Sukey, you shall
be my wife

"I have got a puppy-dog,
And a pussy-cat,
And I have got another thing
That's better far than that.

"For I have got a velvet purse
That holds a hundred pound,
'Twas left me by my grand-dad
Who now lies underground.

"So if your cow and pig
Is all you have in store,
You may go home and mind 'em,
For now your wooing's o'er."

Says Jacky, "You're too hasty,
I've got a horse and cart;
And I have got a better thing,—
I've got a constant heart.

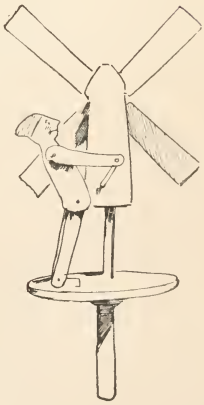
"If that won't do, then you may lay
Your money on the shelf,
I soon shall get another girl
That's better than yourself."

Then says little Sue,
"If your heart is true,
This trouble we'll get through,
If things are rightly carried."
There's nothing more to do,
'Twixt Jacky and his Sue;
"None so happy as us two,
For now we'll both be married!"

Now after they were married
Some good things to produce,
Sukey's purse and hundred pounds
Were quickly put in use;
Sukey milked the cow,
And to make good cheese did try,
Jack drove his horse and cart,
And minded pig and sty.

Blow Wind Blow
And Go Mill Go

BLOW, wind, blow! and go, mill, go!
That the miller may grind his corn;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And send us some hot in the morn.



This is the death of
Little Jenny Wren,
And what the doctors
All said then.

Jenny Wren was sick again,
And Jenny Wren did die;
The doctors vowed they'd cure her,
Or know the reason why.

Doctor Hawk felt her pulse,
And, shaking his head,
Said, "I fear I can't save her,
Because she's quite dead."

Doctor Hawk's a clever fellow,
He pinched her wrist enough to kill her.

"She'll do very well yet,"
Then said Doctor Fox,
"If she takes but one pill
From out of this box."

Ah! Doctor Fox,
  You are very cunning,
For if she's dead,
  You will not get one in.

With hartshorn in hand,
  Came Doctor Tom-Tit,
Saying, "Really, good sirs,
  It's only a fit."

You're right, Doctor Tit,
  You need make no doubt on,
But death is a fit
  Folk seldom get out on.

Doctor Cat says, "Indeed,
  I don't think she's dead,
I believe if I try,
  She yet might be bled."

You need not a lancet,
Miss Pussy, indeed,
Your claws are enough
A poor Wren to bleed.

"I think, Puss, you're foolish,"
Then says Doctor Goose,
"For to bleed a dead Wren
Can be of no use."

Why, Doctor Goose,
You're very wise,
Your wisdom profound
Might Ganders surprise.

Doctor Jack Ass then said,
"See this balsam, I make it;
She yet may survive
If you get her to take it."

What you say, Doctor Ass,
  Perhaps may be true;
I ne'er saw the dead drink, though.
  Pray, Doctor, did you?

Doctor Owl then declared
  That the cause of her death
He really believed, was ——
  The want of more breath.

Indeed, Doctor Owl,
  You are much in the right;
You as well might have said
  That day was not night.

Says Robin, "Get out,
  You're a parcel of quacks,
Or I'll lay this good whip
  On each of your backs."

This is the death of
little Jenny Wren

Then Robin began
For to bang them about,
They stayed for no fees,
They were glad to get out.

Poor Robin long for Jenny grieves,
At last he covered her with leaves;
Yet near the place, a mournful lay,
For Jenny Wren sings every day.

Here comes a poor widow
from Babylon

Here comes a poor widow from Babylon,
With six poor children all alone,
One can bake, and one can brew,
One can shape, and one can sew,
One can bake a cake for the king.
Come choose you east, come choose you west,
Come choose you the one that you love best.

Dame Trot and her cat

Dame Trot and her cat
Sat down for to chat,
The Dame sat on this side,
And Puss sat on that.
"Puss," says the Dame,
"Can you catch a rat,
Or a mouse in the dark?"
"Purr," says the cat.

How do you do, neighbour?

How do you do, neighbour?
Neighbour, how do you do?
Very well, I thank you.
How does Cousin Sue do?
She is very well,
And sends her love unto you,
And so does Cousin Bell.
Ah! how, pray, does she do?

"Oh, what have you got for dinner?"

"Oh, what have you got for dinner, Mrs. Bond?"
"There's beef in the larder, and ducks in the pond.
Dilly, dilly, ducklings, come and be killed,
For you must be stuffed, and my customers filled!

"John Ostler, go fetch me a duckling or two,
John Ostler, go fetch me a duckling or two;
Cry dilly, dilly, ducklings, come and be killed,
For you must be stuffed, and my customers filled!"

"I have been to the ducks that are swimming in the pond,
And they won't come to be killed, Mrs. Bond;
I cried dilly, dilly, ducklings, come and be killed,
For you must be stuffed, and the customers filled!"

"COME, LITTLE WAG-TAILS, COME AND BE KILLED."

"Oh, what have you got for dinner?"

Mrs. Bond she went down to the pond in a rage,
With plenty of onions, and plenty of sage;
She cried, "Come, little wag-tails, come and be killed,
For you shall be stuffed, and my customers filled!"

Lucy Locket

Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it;

Never a penny was there in it,
Save the binding round it.

One, he loves; two, he loves;

Three, he loves, they say;

Four, he loves with all his heart;

Five, he casts away.

Six, he loves; seven, she loves:

Eight, they both love.

Nine, he comes; ten, he tarries;

Eleven, he courts; twelve, he marries.

TINKER, TAILOR, SOLDIER, SAILOR, APOTHECARY, PLOUGHBOY, THIEF.

He loves me

1. He loves me,
2. He don't!
3. He'll have me,
4. He won't!
5. He would if he could,
6. But he can't,
7. So he don't!

There once were two cats

There once were two cats of Kilkenny,
Each thought there was one cat too many,
So they fought and they fit,
And they scratched and they bit,
Till, excepting their nails
And the tips of their tails,
Instead of two cats, there weren't any.

Three little kittens lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
Oh! mother dear,
We very much fear
That we have lost our mittens.

Lost your mittens!
You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie.
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.
No, you shall have no pie.
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.

The three little kittens found their mittens
And they began to cry,
Oh! mother dear,
See here, see here!
See, we have found our mittens.

Put on your mittens,

You silly kittens,

And you shall have some pie.

Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,

Oh! let us have the pie!

Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r.

The three little kittens put on their mittens

And soon ate up the pie:

Oh! mother dear,

We greatly fear,

That we have soiled our mittens.

Soiled your mittens!

You naughty kittens!

Then they began to sigh,

Mi-ow, mi-ow, mi-ow.

Then they began to sigh,

Mi-ow, mi-ow, mi-ow.

Three little kittens

The three little kittens washed their mittens,
And hung them up to dry;
Oh! mother dear,
Do you not hear,
That we have washed our mittens?

Washed your mittens!
Oh! you're good kittens.
But I smell a rat close by.
Hush! hush! mee-ow, mee-ow.
We smell a rat close by,
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.

The cock's on the housetop

The cock's on the housetop blowing his horn;
The bull's in the barn a-threshing of corn;
The maids in the meadows are making of hay,
The ducks in the river are swimming away.

I do not like thee, Doctor Fell

I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,

The reason why I cannot tell;

But this I know, and know full well,

I do not like thee, Doctor Fell.

My mammy's maid

Dingty, diddledy, my mammy's maid,
She stole oranges, I'm afraid;
Some in her pockets, some in her sleeve,
She stole oranges, I do believe.

I had a little castle

I had a little castle upon the sea-shore,
One half was water, the other was land;
I opened the castle door, and guess what I found,
I found a fair lady with a cup in her hand.
The cup was all gold, filled with wine,
"Drink, fair lady, and thou shalt be mine."

My diddle dinkety poppety pet,
The merchants of London they wear scarlet,
Silken the collar and velvet the hem,
Merrily march the merchant men.

"Some in her pockets, some in her sleeve."

Little Betty Blue

Lost her holiday shoe.

What shall little Betty do?

Buy her another

To match the other,

And then she'll walk in two.

A nick and a nock

A nick and a nock,
A hen and cock,
And a penny for my master.

Great A, little A

Great A, little A,
This pancake day;
Toss the ball high,
Throw the ball low,
Those that come after
May sing heigh-ho!

Upon St. Paul's steeple

Upon St. Paul's steeple stands a tree,
As full of apples as may be,
The little boys of London town,
They run with hooks and pull them down;
And then they run from hedge to hedge
Until they come to London Bridge.

"They run with hooks and pull them down."

Cherries are ripe

Cherries are ripe, cherries are ripe,
Give the baby some;
Cherries are ripe, cherries are ripe,
Baby must have none.

Cherries are too sour to use,
Babies are too young to choose;
By-and-by, baked in a pie,
Baby shall have some.

Old Rhyme on Cutting Nails

Cut them on Monday, you cut them for health;
Cut them on Tuesday, you cut them for wealth;
Cut them on Wednesday, you cut them for news;
Cut them on Thursday, a pair of new shoes;
Cut them on Friday, you cut them for sorrow;
Cut them on Saturday, you'll see your true-love
to-morrow;
Cut them on Sunday, and you'll have ill-fortune all
through the week.

Here a little child I stand

Here a little child I stand,

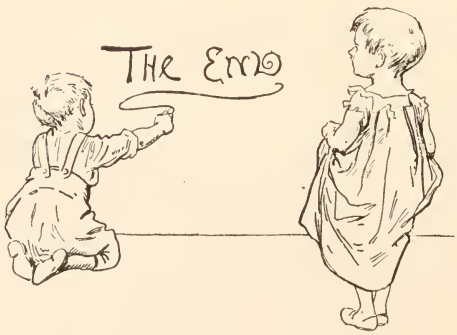
Heaving up my either hand;

Cold as paddocks though they be,

Here I lift them up to Thee,

For a benison to fall

On our meat and on us all!



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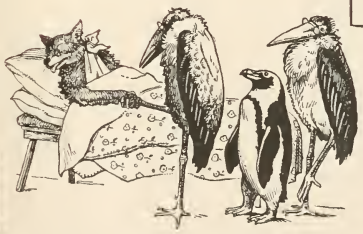

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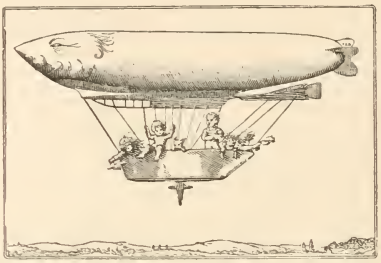

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